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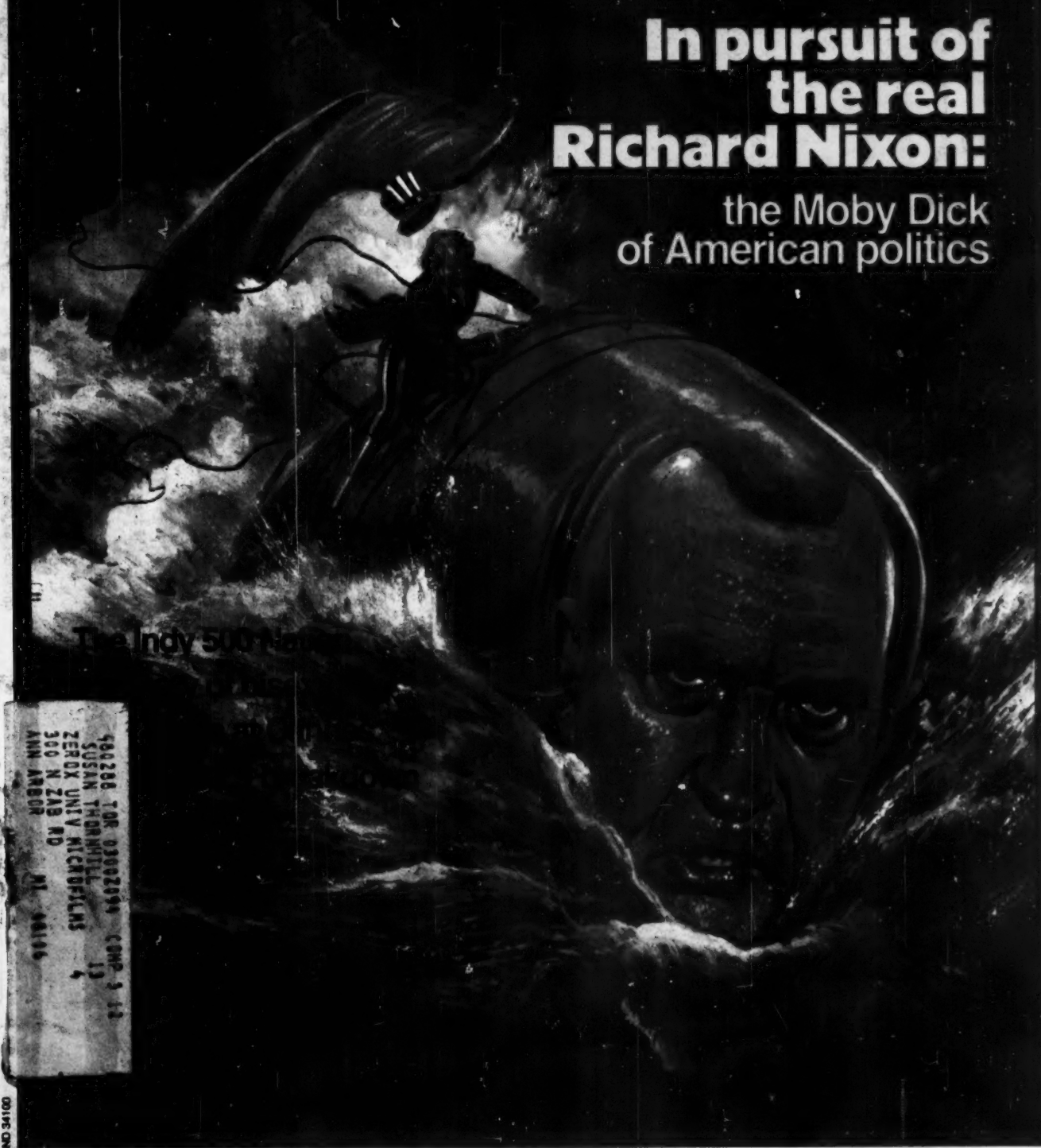

In pursuit of the real Richard Nixon:

the Moby Dick of American politics

The Indy 500 Nation

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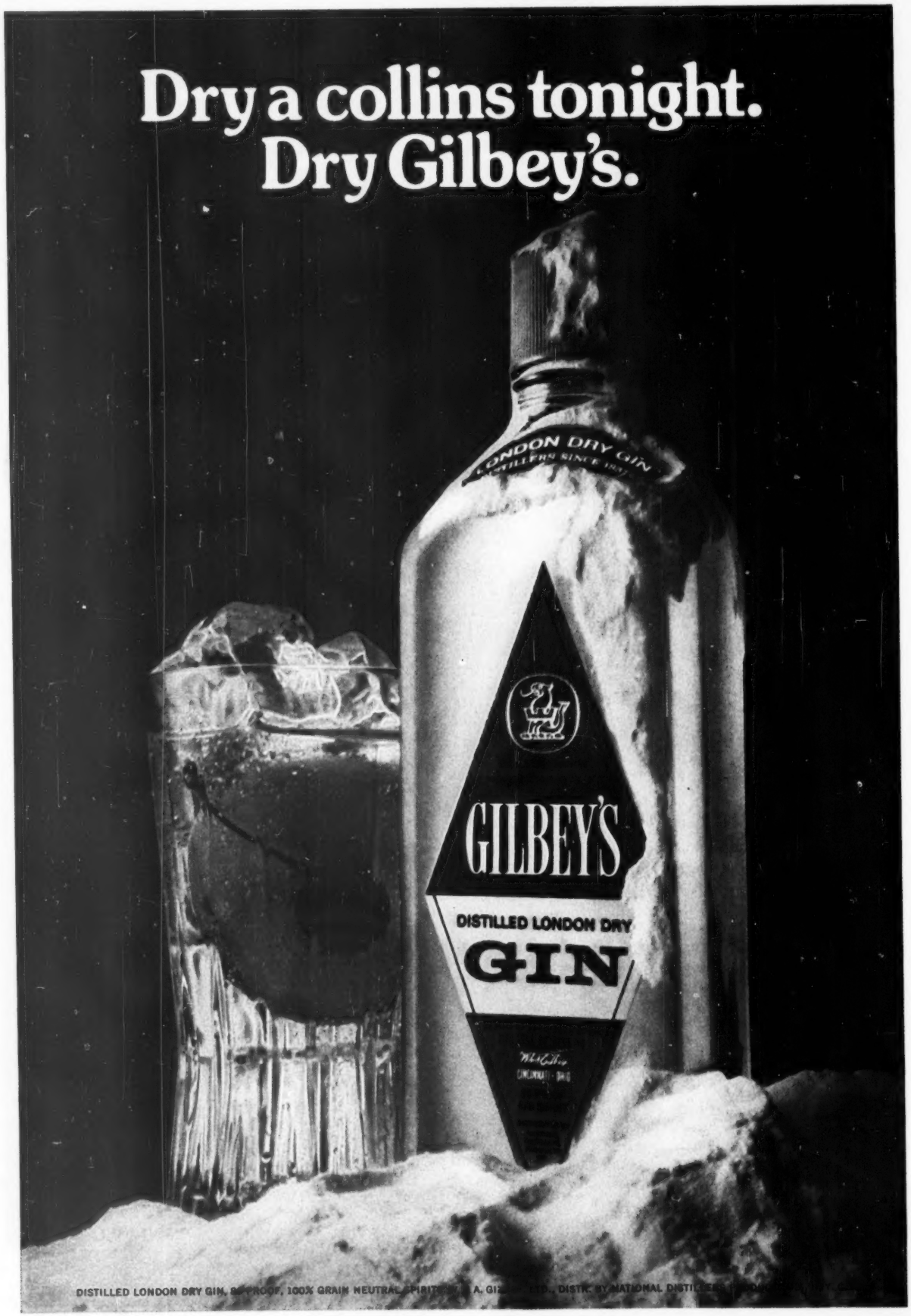
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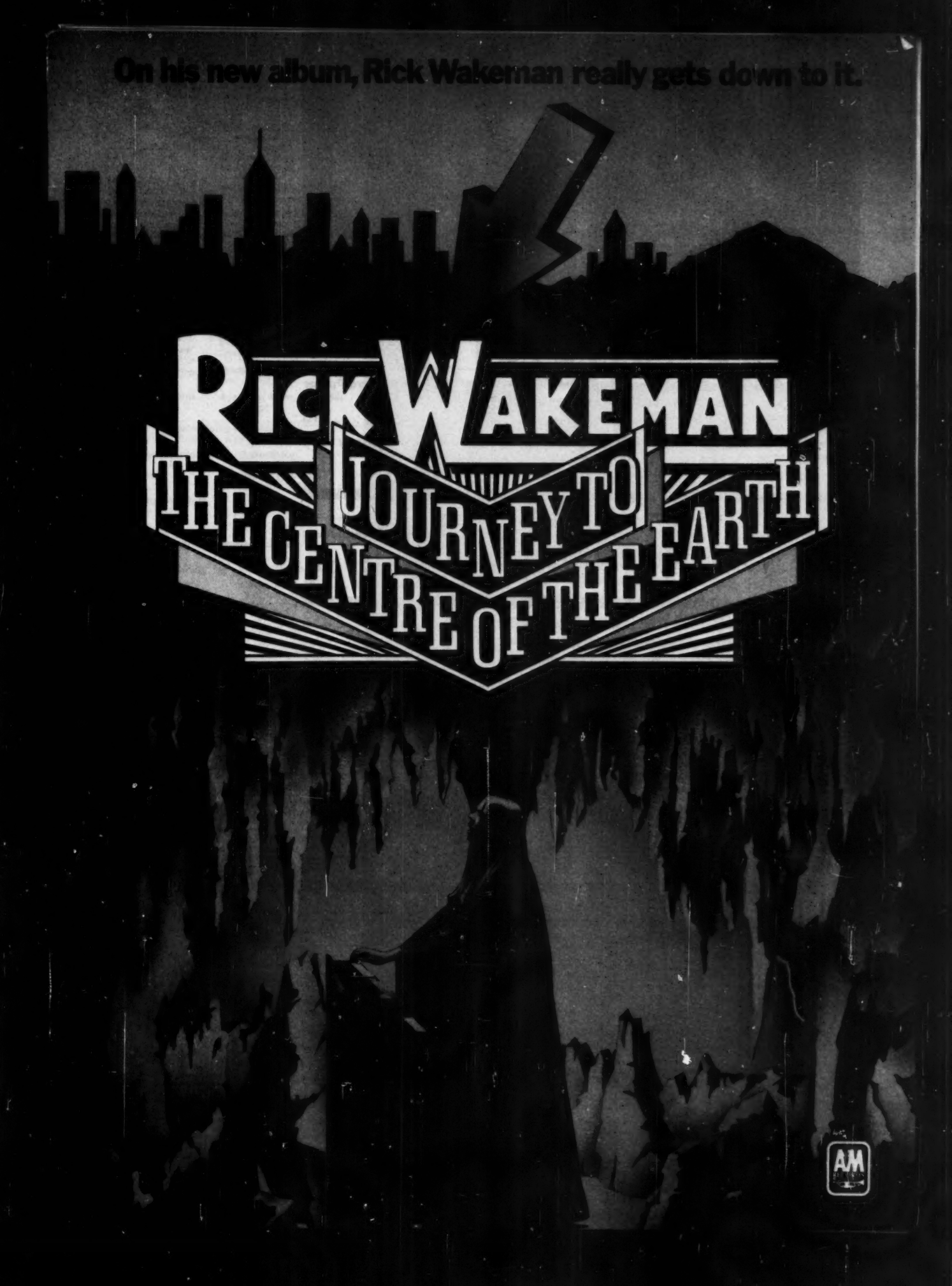
On his new album, Rick Wakeman really gets down to it.
RICK WAKEMAN
JOURNEY TO
THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH
A&M

18

34

NEW TIMES, June 28, 1974, Volume 2, Number 13

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***Norman Kaplan, MD,* is Professor of Internal Medicine at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School at Dallas and the author of over 50 papers on hypertension.**

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BEHIND THE SCENES

As chairman of the English Department at Rutgers University, and, before that, a professor at Harvard and Williams, Richard Poirier has spent most of his professional life studying the giants of American literature—Mark Twain, Henry David Thoreau, Henry James. But for much of the last 25 years, he has also been an avid student of a far more contemporary and no less fascinating American figure—Richard Milhous Nixon. In the midst of a prodigious outpouring of biographies, parodies, plays and movies on Nixon in 1972, *Harper's* sought out someone who could critique the critiques. The magazine picked Poirier, a frequent magazine contributor and former

editor of *The Partisan Review*. In the wake of Watergate, that article ("Horatio Alger at the White House") holds up remarkably well, but the new material that has surfaced since then seemed to cry out for a new Nixon portrait. When the White House released the transcripts, *NEW TIMES* called upon Poirier, a contextual critic, to take a new look at Nixon through the prism of those Oval Room conversations, not to mention all the other Watergate testimony that bears witness to Nixon's character.

One of the Poirier theses that did not fit into this issue's cover story is his notion that Nixon, because he himself does not care about traditional values, is invulnerable to effective parody. "That's the thing I find such a continuing source of aggravation about him," he says. "Gore Vidal, Philip Roth and a lot of the others who believe in those values think they can mock him out of existence. But he and the gang around him are totally oblivious to that kind of attack. They couldn't care less what the Philip Roths of the world think of them. They are in a whole different moral universe."

But, Poirier asserts, it is precisely Nixon's moral obtuseness that makes him so intriguing. "There is this absolute coldness about the nature of his own conduct. One can become obsessed with it because it is impossible to find any way of characterizing him that will move him or his supporters. You exhaust the entire psychological and moral vocabulary available to you."

Is it then reasonable to assume that Nixon has no values whatsoever? Poirier smiles. "No, he has values all right. They're very simple—totally pragmatic and totally vindictive. He is, and has to be, victimized. If he's not victimized, he sets up a situation where he will be.

"Now Nixon's whole strategy is to stay in office merely to stay out of jail. That way he could just about outpace the statute of limitations. But even while he's doing that, he still retains considerable support!"

This, for Poirier, is the most discouraging aspect of the whole Watergate affair. "You know," he says, "when you see that 25 percent of the people continue to support him, you've got to figure that represents damn near 40 percent of the white population. That's incredible. Nixon has so polluted the political process that one feels in the country as a whole the same kind of Nixonian bitterness working, a bitterness which allows people to make sense of policies and actions which are, by any measure, irrational and inhuman.

"No," he concludes, shaking his head, "even after he's gone his legacy will remain. I don't think we'll go back to the level of the Kennedys or even the Humphreys. The man has simply done too much damage."

George A. Hirsch

LETTERS

Splendor in the grass

I've read each issue of *NEW TIMES*, and the article on our esteemed solon, Senator William Scott, was the last straw. Please renew my subscription, and keep up the good work.

I do have one complaint, however. Your article on Dr. Gerald Nahas' marijuana study ("Getting sick on grass," May 17, p. 11) did not mention any of the flaws that have kept it from being accepted as valid. Even the headline was misleading; the experiment did not even purport to show that marijuana smokers became ill more frequently than nonsmokers.

A properly designed experiment of this type would have taken two groups, each group as alike as possible ("well-matched") except for the "experimental variable," whether or not the subjects had used marijuana. Particular care would have been taken to exclude, from the experimental, or users', group, persons who had used any drug or had any condition that might have affected the experimental results. The technicians and other personnel conducting the test would not know whether the person, or blood sample, they were working with was from the users' or nonusers' group. This "blind" procedure is especially important when the experiment is on a subject, such as marijuana use, about which the experimenters, and other people, may be expected to have strong feelings. (It's been repeatedly shown that an experimenter's desires can cause him, quite unconsciously, to influence the results.) Only after the experiment is completed is the code broken and the results tabulated.

Dr. Nahas' work differed from this ideal considerably. The two groups were not well-matched at all; the marked age difference would seem to imply other differences, such as nutrition, lifestyle, etc. Though he said at first that the experimental group used only *Cannabis*, he later said that they also used alcohol and tobacco, both of which are known to have deleterious effects on the body.

A strong reduction of immunity to viral diseases, as this study seems to show, implies a great increase in the incidence of these diseases. With over 26,000,000 Americans having used marijuana, we would expect to have seen a veritable epidemic of such disease in the past decade. This hasn't occurred, so the "study" should be taken with a grain (or gram, ounce, pound or even kilogram) of salt.

Any of your readers who want more information on the Nahas experiment, or other aspects of marijuana, or the laws concerning it, may write to us at Box 5003, Richmond, Va. 23220; a stamped, self-addressed envelope will make it easier.

Thanks, keep up the good work and WATCH IT!

Yours for Justice

Roy B. Scherer
Executive Director
Virginians for Study
of Marijuana Laws, Inc.
Richmond, Virginia

Editor's Note: Like Agnew, we plead nolo contendere.

The one and only

In your May 31 article on birth order you mention only three Beatles, neglecting the only real artist of them, John Lennon (an only).

Mark Schreiner
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I was delighted but dismayed to read Sonny Kleinfield's article "Which are you?" Delighted because a great many people became more aware of the importance of birth order position and family constellation dynamics in influencing personality and lifestyle. Perhaps some parents will be helped to avoid some traps in child rearing. Dismayed because Alfred Adler was not recognized or mentioned as the originator of the importance of ordinal position. Sir Francis Galton's, not detracting from his genius, primary interest was in human heredity and individual differences, not family influence on personality. By 1931 Adler had developed his ideas to the point that he presented a comprehensive, scientific treatment of the importance of family influences (*What Life Should Mean to You*). One's experience in a given ordinal position leaves an indelible imprint upon lifestyle. It is not surprising that many of his ideas and concepts are widely known and used but not identified with him.

Donald N. Lombardi, Ph.D.
Professor, Seton Hall University
South Orange, New Jersey

More on dumbest

I think I made a mistake in subscribing to your *NEW TIMES* publication!

In the May 17, 1974, issue your cover photo and the article "The ten dumbest congressmen" by Nina Totenberg drew my wrath. Included in your listing is the Honorable Joseph P. Vigorito, representative of the 24th Pennsylvania District. I am one of his constituents—one of the two thousand or more organized senior citizens who helped elect Joe. He has never failed to support our cause during all his terms in Congress. I feel you have nothing real on which to base your attack, and speaking for the senior citizens of this area, we resent it. So I am back to my original question: Did I make a mistake when I subscribed to *NEW TIMES*?

Charles B. Killinger
President
Erie County Senior Citizens Council

Editor's Note: Only you can know for sure.

Price is right

I was very surprised when I read the music review in your May 17 issue, because I honestly didn't think that anyone besides myself had ever heard of Alan Price. I was one of the few devout fans who got to see Price's very triumphant performance at the Bottom Line. It makes me very happy to see such a talented performer get some of the recognition he deserves. I commend you on your excellent taste.

Laura Towber
New York, New York

Correction

We wish to correct a statement referring to the investment banking firm of Allen & Company which appeared in the article on Dr. Armand Hammer and Occidental Petroleum Corporation in our May 31 issue. The court depositions and other evidence in a breach of contract suit by Allen & Company against Occidental *do not* state that Allen & Company or any of its executives ever agreed to "bribe" Libyan officials. We regret the error.

Why are penguins monogamous?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

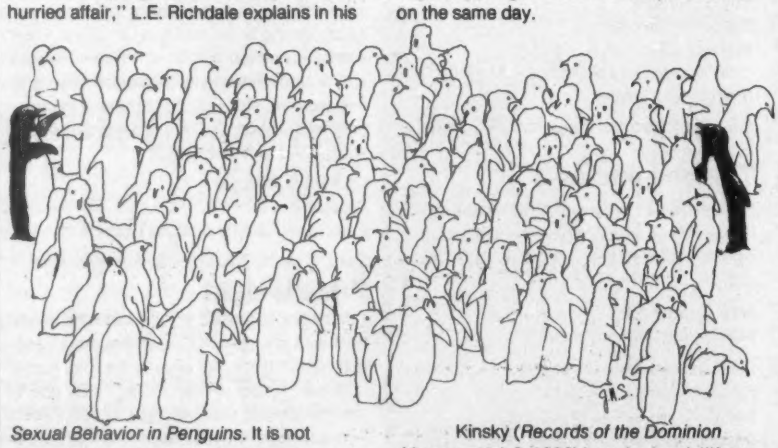
I know how it is.

Every magazine you pick up hits you with the poop on some new kind of sex: bisexuality, trisexuality, monosexuality glutamate.

This is different. This is something really good. *Penguins*. No, not *with* penguins. *Among* penguins.

Jacques Cousteau turned me on to it. He did a program about penguins, and he showed how they swim, how they fish, a lot of interesting stuff, and he mentioned, in a totally offhand manner, that penguins are monogamous—they mate for life. I wondered, WHY ARE PENGUINS MONOGAMOUS?

To begin at the beginning: "Pair formation in penguins is obviously not a hurried affair," L.E. Richdale explains in his *Sexual Behavior in Penguins*. It is not dependent on "a simple dominance mechanism or set of releasers." Either sex may take the initiative, and the choice is ultimately mutual. There follows a prolonged "engagement" period before the relationship is consummated, and the engagement is likely to be broken "if the behavior patterns of the two mates do not fit exactly."



The couple digs a burrow, taking turns at the work of cleaning it. Once they have their little nest egg, the real sharing of labor begins. The male sits on the egg for as long as 60 days, eating nothing, while the female goes off to feed at sea. Then she returns, allowing him to take his turn at feeding.

There is the reason for the monogamous "pair-bond," or relationship: it is an adaptation for the cooperative sharing of rearing the young. It turns out most birds are monogamous, usually for one season (Lanyon, *Biology of Birds*).

But why, you ask, do penguins re-mate with the same partners season after season, especially since they migrate separately and all seem to look alike?

"It seems logical," writes Kendeigh, "that if physiological rhythms are involved, a pair of individuals who have successfully mated once and become adjusted to each other will be more likely to be attuned for nesting again than will two strangers."

It is "personal recognition and attachment," says Richdale, which accounts for previously mated penguins' seeking and finding each other. They pick their way through perhaps half a million individuals on 500 acres, although a mated pair of migratory penguins do not usually reach land on the same day.

Kinsky (*Records of the Dominion Museum*, Vol. 3, 1960) has observed, "If one partner of a mated pair spends a night on land alone, it will readily accept the company of any other bird of opposite sex, *even for that one night*." (Italics mine.) And when the mate arrives? Penguins have developed a way of handling even these ticklish situations, as Kinsky illustrates with the story of penguins 189 and 855, and 130 (not their real names).

> Burrow No. 15: Pair, male 189 and female 855, were known to have occupied this site in a large cave during the 1956–57 nesting season.
> 4/20/57, male 189 was found present with female 130, and both these birds were found present regularly on this site, to which nesting material had been brought, up to the middle of June. The pair was seen copulating on 5/24/57 at 10:30 p.m.
> 6/15/57, at 3 a.m. female 855 was found present for the first time on the nest with male 189. Female 130 was repeatedly trying to get on to the nest, but was always furiously attacked by female 855, and driven off. Male 189 appeared [to be unconcerned]. Female 130 was fought off; . . . 189 and . . . 855 nested together . . . successfully.

This pattern is general. The tardy mate always drives off the usurper. After the stranger is ejected, the mates indulge in especially intense "love-habits." Richdale has observed: Salute, Sheepish Look, Throb, Shake, Full Trumpet, Arms Act, Mutual Preen, Bowing, Ecstatic (which includes neck-twining), and so on.

Antarctica is part of the real world, though. Penguins have a divorce rate of 18 percent, which isn't bad. Among humans in America, one marriage in three ends in divorce.

I suppose it's acceptable these days to be in a long-term monogamous relationship, but you better be ready to explain yourself. If, on the other hand, you're living with a squid, preferably a different one each week, you are into an *experience*. Once something's defined as an experience, the lines are winding around the block.

The funny thing is, and I was loath to admit this when I heard Jacques say penguins were monogamous, my gut reaction was *good*, that is a beautiful way to be. And every young hipster I could find who saw the show admitted to the same feeling.

Could it be that a large part of the reason people climb into bed with strangers is that strangers are the only people they know?

Penguins learn from people. At Sea World they're even taught to roller skate. But people would not expect to learn from penguins, least of all about sex. They walk funny. They're associated with air-conditioning, Kools, tuxedos and nuns; that's about it. No one thinks about them. Look through the *Penguin Dictionary of Quotations*: there isn't one damn quotation on penguins in it.

But penguins *love* penguins, and to use that word, Konrad Lorenz wrote, "does not invest the animal with human properties, but, on the contrary, shows up the still remaining animal instincts in man."

Coming: Do tortoises bang? ●

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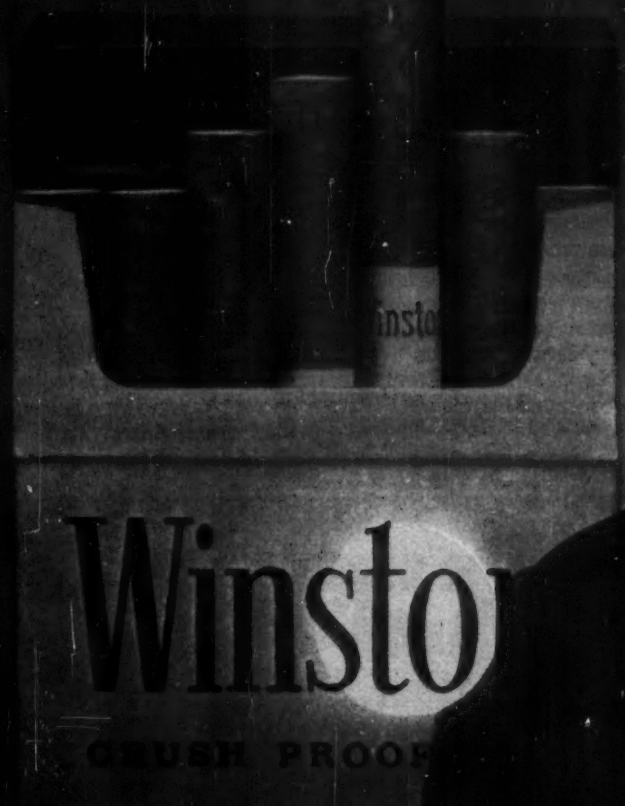
Winston



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Commager. Rapoport. Breslin. Seligson. Royko.

We've had Henry Steele Commager dispel our national fear of impeachment. Let Roger Rapoport expose the doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for money. Prompted Jimmy Breslin to tell us why he thinks Nixon is the Protestant Joey Gallo. Encouraged Marcia Seligson to interview the new breed of sex therapists who do more than just talk. Given Mike Royko the go-ahead to delve into Chicago's changing attitudes toward corruption.

Davidson. Terkel. Hamill. Sayre. Halberstam. Greene.

Gloria Emerson on a recent Hanoi Hilton reunion. Thomas Thompson on the California legislators who are looking for a better way to kill. Sara Davidson on the renegade doctors who are soaking black mayor of Tuskegee and his wife who is white. Mark Goodman on John Glenn's newest earth walk. Ron Rosenbaum on the promo, the parties, and everything but the long, boring Super Bowl Game itself.

In NEW TIMES you get: Larry L. King on "President" Ford. Timothy Crouse on Bobby Byrd and the politics of wheedling. Johnny Greene on Patrick Buchanan, the last survivor in Nixon's White House. Marshall Frady on Tassy and Johnny, the first

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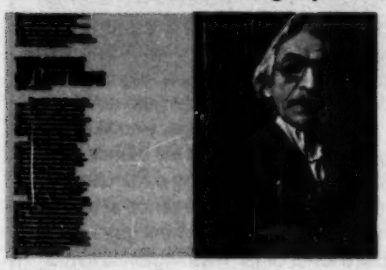
up money in the Mexican sun. Studs Terkel on truck drivers, their feelings of betrayal, and their new forms of protest. Pete Hamill on the opening of the $107-million Las Vegas palace



that is MGM's legacy—and its bomb. Nora Sayre on Maharaj Ji, the Rolls Royce-driving teenage guru. David Halberstam on how the press has helped Nixon fool the people. Bob Greene on whether or not The Senate is ready for Howard Cosell.

People. Places. Local color. Letters. Questions. Answers.

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NEW TIMES selects Washington's ten dumbest Congressmen; wonders if Jesus can save Charles Colson; follows the new political wife, no more Mrs. Nice Guy; invites you to the Southern plantation they call the Supreme Court; discusses the sociology and physiology of bisexuality; ponders the reasons the Golden Gate Bridge has such appeal for suicides; brings you extraordinary new birth techniques from France; wonders with you why California children seem so clean, wet, and distant.

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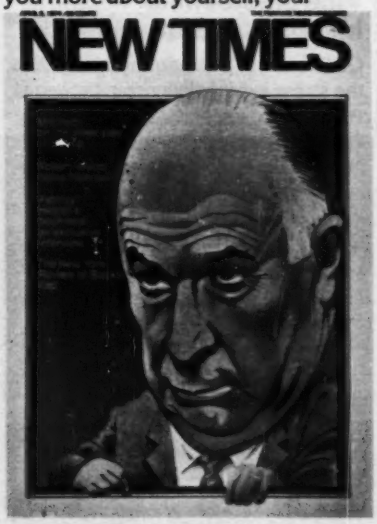

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NEW TIMES
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

The President's uncooperative veep;
It's getting colder all the time;
The *New York-Voice* merger: who's swallowing whom?

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Vice presidential insubordination

Quite a bit has been written lately about the stress in the relationship between President Nixon and Vice President Ford, but a major source of this tension has gone largely unnoticed. The White House is furious with Ford for coming to the rescue of California Republican Paul "Pete" McCloskey, the liberal who ran against Nixon in 1972. McCloskey, seeking to retain his House seat, was running 12 to 15 points behind his primary opponent in the polls. He called on Ford, and the Vice President agreed to do some television spots for McCloskey and appear as guest speaker at a McCloskey rally.

The White House heard of the plans and, according to a Ford aide, "all but ordered him not to go." Ford refused—in very blunt language. Up to an hour before he was to fly to California, Ford was being bombarded by White House and Republican National Committee pleas not to go. He did, and McCloskey squeaked through by less than a thousand votes.

Rocky vs. Jerry

Just about the time Nixon was starting to steam over Jerry Ford's refusal to follow orders and the White House line, former New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller dropped in for an Oval Office chat. At that meeting, Nixon reportedly said to Rockefeller, "Can you imagine Ford sitting in this chair?" Delighted with the line, Rockefeller aides—with Rocky's blessing—immediately leaked the quote to *Newsweek*, which dutifully used it when

BLACK STAR

Rocky and Dick: such good friends

White House aides confirmed the quote off the record. Rockefeller aides say the leak is the start of a "Stop Ford" drive and are taking credit for other anti-Ford stories now making the rounds. Most interesting of all, the White House is doing very little to stop the Rockefeller push and help Ford.

Fast dance on the killing ground

As the impeachment proceedings move closer to the kill, the mood in Washington grows increasingly festive. Recently, Harvard University Press threw a party at the capitol's posh Cosmos Club to celebrate the publication of Harvard Law Professor Raoul Berger's new book on Executive Privilege (he's against it). Old Nixon foes like the ADA's Joe Rauh and some new Nixon foes like Sam Ervin showed up, and the talk was strictly impeachment. The show stopper, however, was the arrival of Judge John Sirica, certainly a hero to the anti-Nixon crowd but also a judge sitting on a pending case, the Watergate cover-up.

Neither the judge, who likes a good party, nor any of his friends seemed to see anything particularly improper about his presence at such a blatantly pro-impeachment gathering. But a lot of other Washington lawyers thought it showed remarkably bad judgment. Said one, "I don't think it was unethical per se, but it certainly was unwise."

On the other hand, Leon Jaworski has caused something of a contrary minor *scandale* by declaring a second anniversary party for the Watergate break-in, being hosted by Washington journalists on June 17, off-limits to his staff. And so it goes.

WIDE WORLD

Sirica: likes a good party

Climbing Richard's ladder

The betting around the U.S. District Courthouse in Washington is that former Nixon aide John Ehrlichman, under indictment in both the cover-up and Plumbers cases, will cop a plea inside of three weeks. The decision of Charles Colson to plead guilty and

BLACK STAR

Ehrlichman: next domino

make a deal has made Ehrlichman's legal position in both cases almost untenable. Two signs: Ehrlichman attorney William Frates has been seen in whispered conversation with Plumbers prosecutor William Merrill at least twice since the Colson plea, and Special Prosecutor staff members admit privately that Ehrlichman is their next target.

Washington merry-go-round

Watergate is obviously taking its toll on the day-to-day decision making of the federal government. One particularly fine example of the current paralysis is the case of the new jet airport to be located somewhere near St. Louis. Back in the pre-Watergate days, John Ehrlichman assured officials from Illinois and Missouri that a decision would be made on where to put it as soon as the '72 election was over—just to keep it clean of any political taint.

Once the election was won, Ehrlichman suddenly had other things to do and the decision, already kicked around for ten years, was passed down the line to Undersecretary of Transportation Egil "Bud" Krogh. As we all know, Krogh suddenly disappeared from the Washington scene.

At that point the Federal Aviation Agency decided the airport should go to Illinois, and the decision went back up to the White House to be handled by Mel Laird, who had replaced Ehrlichman. Laird then left and the decision started back down the line, this time to Alexander Butterfield, Administrator of the FAA. He was the one who let on that the White House tapes exist—and consequently has come the closest to personally bringing down the President. It is thus unlikely that any decision of his will have much weight at the White House.

At last word, it now appears the decision will be put off until after the '76 election. If ordinary decisions like this one are having such a hard time getting made, imagine how the hard ones are doing.

Javits' "swing" vote

Some New York Republicans are growing concerned over private polls which show supposedly invulnerable Senator Jacob Javits to be slipping in public esteem. Approval of Javits' performance in Congress dropped off a sharp 15 percent in one recent New York poll, and that same poll showed Democratic maverick Al Lowenstein running much better than anyone expected. If she had run, this poll indicated, Bess Myerson—former consumer advocate for New York City—would now be within eight percentage points of Javits. The reasons being offered by New York Republicans in the House and other GOP pros for the slippage are Javits' age, a recent *People* magazine interview with his wife that left the impression she and Javits were swingers, and the Senator's waffling on Watergate. "That stuff with Watergate is going to really hurt him," contends one GOP congressman. "His wavering has made Jerry Ford's broken field running look like a line plunge."

Marion and Jacob: the "swingers"?

Sinister Force wins 18½-minute gap mystery

The final word on that 18½-minute gap in a key Oval Office tape: despite experts' findings that the erasure was deliberate, the chances of indictments in the case are almost nonexistent. According to sources in the Special Prosecutor's office, the grand jury hearing evidence on the gap can make absolutely no sense out of the conflicting stories offered by those involved. "There are all sorts of suspects—Rose Mary Woods, Steve Bull, Nixon, Haldeman, the Sinister Force even—but there is no way to finger any of them," contends this source. "Whoever did it is probably going to get away with it."

Trial lawyers on trial

Late last year, Chief Justice Warren Burger delivered a scathing attack against trial lawyers, declaring that at least half of them are incompetent. Burger suggested that before a lawyer may call himself a trial lawyer special additional training and testing should be required.

Though few in the legal profession are ready to accept such a demanding proposal, representatives of ten state bar associations are meeting this month in Colorado Springs to consider establishing more rigorous minimum standards for trial advocacy. Proposals up for discussion include the setting up of apprenticeship systems for trial lawyers, a requirement for continuing legal education for the lawyers and, perhaps the most sticky issue, even disbarment for incompetent trial lawyers.

Noah, build me an ark!

Yes, even with summer coming on, it is getting colder. The Weather Bureau, now known officiously as the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Agency (NOAA), has finally completed a study on the matter and concluded that the temperature worldwide has been dropping about one degree every ten years. It doesn't seem like much to worry about, and in the U.S. it isn't, but it is causing severe problems elsewhere in the world right now.

The southward creep of the Sahara, responsible for Africa's drought, is thought to be caused by the drop in temperature. And in 20 years, Russia's breadbasket, the Soviet Ukraine, which is on the same latitude as Newfoundland, will become too cold to grow feed grains.

The Russians, naturally, are a bit upset about this problem. A far greater proportion of their scientific resources goes into weather prediction and control than in the U.S. In the current international weather experiments being conducted in the south Atlantic, over one-third of the 40-ship, ten-nation task force is from the Soviet Union. America, with its farmland lying further south and mountains running north and south, not limiting the growing area, won't be so badly affected.

Why is it getting colder? Some experts think it has something to do with disturbances inside the sun, others blame long-term atmospheric cycles and still others point to pollution. But basically nobody has the slightest idea what's going on. And to further complicate matters, at last report the drop in temperature was being associated with a rise in the oceans. Better batten down the hatches.

MEDIA

By John Leo

How to teach your $6,000 guard dog to talk to your plants and other great stories from the *New York/Voice*

When *New York* magazine took over the *Village Voice* (June 5), there were the usual fluttering assurances that the "merger" would leave each journal its own independence and identity. Still, it seemed a bit like the merger of Jonah and the whale, the only problem being that no one knew whether Clay Felker of *New York* or Carter Burden of the *Voice* was playing the role of the whale.

Burden is a wealthy young socialite, city councilman, former protege of Bobby Kennedy and—his friends insist—a possible future presidential candidate. He and his wealthy young socialite pal, Bartle Bull, bought 80 percent of the *Voice* 4½ years ago from the paper's founders, Dan Wolf and Ed Fancher, for some $3.5 million. The staff was up in arms, but Burden promised (and delivered) total editorial freedom and signed Wolf to a five-year contract to stay on as editor.

For months Burden had been avoiding meeting with the staff, which was anxious to know where the *Voice* would be heading after Wolf's contract expires this December. Wolf had seemed to be losing interest and the paper was drifting. When interest rates kept soaring, and the bank put pressure on to pay off the loan made to purchase the *Voice*, Burden entered into secret negotiations with Felker and *New York* magazine.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

Burden and Felker: who's Jonah and who's the whale?

Burden delivered his and Bull's 80 percent of the *Voice* to *New York* in exchange for $800,000 cash, the assumption of the Burden-Bull $2.5 million debt and 600,000 shares of *New York* magazine stock, currently valued at about $3 a share in the soft over-the-counter market.

Everyone at the *Voice* was offended, including Bull, who said he had been kept in the dark about the negotiations for weeks. Wolf was furious and now definitely wants to stay on as editor, presumably to protect the paper's integrity. Managing editor Mary Nichols began calling for a new newspaper, free of the clutches of Clay Felker. *Voice* staffers broke out in bitter jokes about being forced to work on frothy *New Yorkish* assignments such as "How to teach your $6,000 guard dog to talk to your plants" and "Secret recipes of the ten worst bisexual judges in New York."

Voice writer Jack Newfield, on hearing that Felker's friend, labor negotiator Theodore Kheel, was being put on the board of the newly combined company, observed: "I should be investigating that bum, not working for him." Actually, the *Voice* already is investigating Kheel, though now with a special gusto, knowing it will be the first test case of independence.

Burden met with the *Voice* staff, soothing ruffled feathers, promising more money and absolute editorial independence. He also let it be known that after Felker had told the New York *Times* that there would be no "clean sweep" at the *Voice*, he had called up Felker and chewed him out for even using the term.

The promise of more money will function to prevent an early staff walkout. Though *Voice* staffers often seem serenely unconcerned about the subject, the paper has been piling up ever-fatter profits (more than 80 pages of ads in a recent 112-page issue), while paying a top price of $150 per article, and annual salaries to the full-time star writers that seem to average out at under $11,000. As a private company, the *Voice* has never divulged profits. Now, as part of a public company, it will have to, perhaps as early as August, and raises for the staff will help to ease the shock.

The first indication of how much the *Voice* makes is contained, or rather buried, in the press release on the

merger, which says that the New York Magazine Company's earnings per share would have been $.34 (on 1,700,000 shares, including the new stock issued for Burden and Bull) instead of $.36 on the old 1,100,000 shares. Though the financial years are not the same, it indicates that the *Voice* profits were about $170,000 for fiscal 72-73. Most people think the paper makes a lot more money than that.

First, there is such a thing as creative accounting. Then, too, there may have been one-time large write-offs, and nobody knows how much of the *Voice* profits Burden was siphoning off to pay his loan. The best guess is that the *Voice* makes at least a million dollars a year before taxes, perhaps a million after. Either way, it would be a richer and more promising property than the alleged whale, *New York* magazine.

If the *Voice* is not making that much money, it follows that something must be dreadfully wrong on the business side of the paper. Or perhaps the *Voice*'s circulation is nowhere near the announced figure of 150,000. There are persistent reports from people who claim to have examined the returns that the real figure is much lower.

Felker has received most of the ink and acclaim for the deal. After trying to buy the New York *Post* a couple of times, he has picked up his first outside property, and is talking about acquiring more. As a man who sometimes seems obsessed with questions of power and prestige, he seems to have increased his own substantially.

On the other hand, the real winner may turn out to be Carter Burden. First, if you take his 1970 and 1974 deals together, it means he has acquired 25 percent of both the *Voice* and *New York* for essentially no investment at all—a spectacular bit of wheeling and dealing. He is now the largest shareholder in the company, vice-chairman of the board of directors and potentially the strongest personality on a weak board.

In the press release, Burden said he would keep his hands off the company, except for promoting growth, because he considers it inappropriate for an elected official to mess with the media. One way of looking at this is to translate it to mean that he now has the option of retiring from his low-level political career, which hasn't been that spectacular anyway, and settle down as a press lord.

It is now Burden's candy store. Felker has given away the psychological edge of being the largest shareholder (9 percent) of *New York*. Now he is third with less than 6 percent of the total stock, behind Bull, 10 percent, and Burden, 25 percent.

He is also in an exposed position with the *Voice*. He has given away the family jewels for a property he swears he won't mess with editorially. The question is why would he give so much, and take such a low posture in his company, if he couldn't be running the *Voice*?

One scenario has Felker taking the *Voice* national and moving in on *Rolling Stone*. Jann Wenner of the *Stone* says he doubts this, that Felker is more likely to exploit his new lock on New York City and not move out. Certainly, Felker will try to improve

If not in politics, then maybe as a media baron.

Voice distribution, perhaps go for national ads and maybe even try for some national tie-in such as a *Voice* wire service or supplement to quasi-underground papers around the country. Maybe he will unleash Milton Glaser for a whack at the *Voice*'s soggy graphics and layout.

Aside from buying off *Voice* writers with raises and expense money, it seems that the parent company will try to keep things quiet and tiptoe past December, when Wolf's contract runs out. Or it may extend that contract a bit to quiet the troops.

Felker does seem to be in a box. If the *Voice* is going good, there will be strong pressure to leave it alone. If things go bad, Burden and others may say Felker has no particular competence for *Voice* journalism and try to push him aside.

Even apart from the financial shenanigans, the character of the *Voice* seems in doubt. For a year at least, the vague debate has been whether it should be turned completely professional or retain bulletin-board openness that produces brilliant pieces along with crazy, rambling accounts of what it was like growing up as a terminal neurotic in Massillon, Ohio. The guess here is that it will try to go professional. It will be edited for the first time, and it will change.

Patty's kidnapping inspires porno flick

With the Patty Hearst kidnapping story already on its way to becoming a kind of national folktale, Grove Press has announced plans to film a hard-core porn feature, *Abduction*, the story of the daughter of a rich California Conservative who's kidnapped by blacks. However true to life such a scenario reads, the project is actually based on a 1972 sexploitation paperback, *Black Abductor*, written by James Rush Jr., under the pseudonym Harrison James. In explaining the decision to film the novel, Kent Carroll, who heads Grove Press' film division, contends that the establishment media have been remiss in not speculating earlier about the sexual lives of Tania and the SLA. "It is a perfectly legitimate subject," he said. "It's certainly in the public's mind."

So long, *Bitch*

It was only several months ago that we welcomed *Bitch* into the fraternal order of outrageous new magazines to crop up on newsstands. But now *Bitch* has gone the way of *Life*—and *Look* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. It folded. Said *Screw* editor Al Goldstein, who put up the money for *Bitch*, "I'm tired of subsidizing minorities." (Goldstein also funded *Gay*, which he just closed down as well.)

A women's porn mag edited by several women staffers from *Screw*, *Bitch* regaled us with stories of crotch-watching jamborees and other unexplored editorial territory. The first four issues sold 45 percent of a 15,000-print run, mostly in New York City. In an interview with *Media Industry Newsletter*, Goldstein pointed out the difference between his handling of *Bitch* and Bob Guccione's of *Viva*: "Guccione launches a women's magazine and he calls the shots. We do a women's magazine and we let the women run it. They've run it right into the ground."

SPECIAL REPORT

The mathematics of impeachment: a *NEW TIMES* survey of the Senate finds Nixon two votes short of the magic number—34

By Judy Coburn

It has always been fashionable in Washington to eschew public prediction-making, while spending whole afternoons poring over the current *Congressional Directory* making checklists of how Congress will vote on a given issue. Impeachment Washington is no different. To be sure, congressmen are more reluctant to put themselves on the record than usual "until all the evidence is in." Senators in particular, as potential jurors, refuse to discuss their individual votes. But most agree with Republican Conference Chairman Representative John Anderson when he says, "If Nixon doesn't resign, the present mood of the House is to impeach him." And so, in the back offices of the Senate, in the press gallery and the Senate cloakroom, some people are comparing lists. "They don't talk about it, even among themselves," insists a staffer for an influential Republican senator. But no one believes him.

By most counts, President Nixon is in deep trouble in the Senate. Thirty-four is the White House's magic number, the barest number required to avoid conviction. The President's support has been eroded badly by the transcripts, and for the first time Washingtonians think conviction in the Senate is possible. "I'd say Nixon has only 40 guys in the Senate he can even just work on," says one seasoned political reporter, "and getting those last five votes will be like squeezing blood from a turnip."

If the trial were to start in September, as now projected, most political analysts think that Richard Nixon could count on 18 hard-core votes at the most against conviction. (See Box)Nixon has a pool of about 15 or more senators who might support him in the right circumstances. But this larger group is by no means firmly in Nixon's camp. It includes such notorious free-thinkers as George Aiken and Barry Goldwater, senators with serious reelection problems like Milton Young and Peter Dominick, and political bellwethers like Republican whip Robert Griffin and Howard Baker.

Capitol Hill listmakers find about 51 firm votes for impeachment right now, 16 short of the number needed for impeachment. Besides including all of the liberal and moderate Democrats, the group includes nine liberal and moderate Republicans, like Edward Brooke, Charles Percy and Charles Mathias. Although they are as reluctant as the rest of the Senate to prejudge the case, most in this group find the evidence already on the public record persuasive enough.

Senators and staffers alike agree that one of the President's most serious problems in the event of a Senate trial is that the Republican leadership—Senator Hugh Scott and Whip Robert Griffin—can't be counted on to go all out in organizing an anti-conviction drive. Scott was burned badly when the White House convinced him six months ago that the transcripts had nothing incriminating in them. When they were released he called their tone "deplorable and shabby." He is not likely to go out on a limb for the White House again. Griffin, a grave but political animal, seems likely to tilt with the political winds, if the evidence is solid. Pollsters also see strong anti-Nixon tides in Griffin's home state of Michigan; the Republican loss of two secure seats there recently underscored the point.

The fall elections are an imponderable factor in the impeachment equation to most Capitol Hill politicos. Some see a vote after the election helping the President, with senators coming back to him even though public opinion is running against him. But others see the election factor running the other way, with senators free to vote against the President after the election when they are less fearful of backlash from conservative voters. Six senators—George Aiken, Harold Hughes, Sam Ervin, Wallace Bennett, Norris Cotton and Alan Bible—have announced their retirement but will vote if, as seems likely, the count comes before next January. Races in Arkansas, Florida, Ohio and several other states may add three senators or more to the group of "lame ducks" voting on impeachment.

But even the question of a senator's constituency is tricky. Most of those running are poring over the polls and some aren't sure what they show. Many reassure themselves with thoughts like those of House Judiciary Committee Republican Bill Cohen that "it's between me, the facts and the Constitution."

Perhaps aware of the uphill task, the White House lobbyists on the Hill are already maneuvering to build support in the Senate. The strategy is to woo conservatives on the issues they feel deeply about. The hope is that ideological conservatives like Buckley and Goldwater can be added to the group of the President's hard-core supporters by reminding them that Nixon is the closest thing to a conservative they'll get as president. (Jerry Ford is the *clinker* there). Thus, the Labor Department was overruled recently when it tried to oppose Senator Dominick's proposal to weaken job safety enforcement. Over Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz's objections, the White House backed retention of sugar-marketing controls to please rural conservatives like Louisiana's Russell Long. But on some issues like detente, welfare reform or the legal-services program, the White House may not be able to go far enough to please its critics on the right.

The White House's top lobbyist in the Senate, Tom Korologos, gets high marks for his persuasiveness, savvy and restraint. He declined last week to discuss any impressions he might have of how the Senate might vote on impeachment. "If anyone could help turn the tide against the President, Korologos could," says one staffer for a Southern Democrat. "For one thing, he's not like the other guys up at 1600 [Pennsylvania Avenue]. When he tries to get you to support some tactic, you don't feel like the message behind it all is that you'd better have your tax returns in order."

Many Washingtonians, including some cynics, think impeachment may not be an issue that can be dealt with by run-of-the-mill political tactics. No one doubts that the White House is trying to

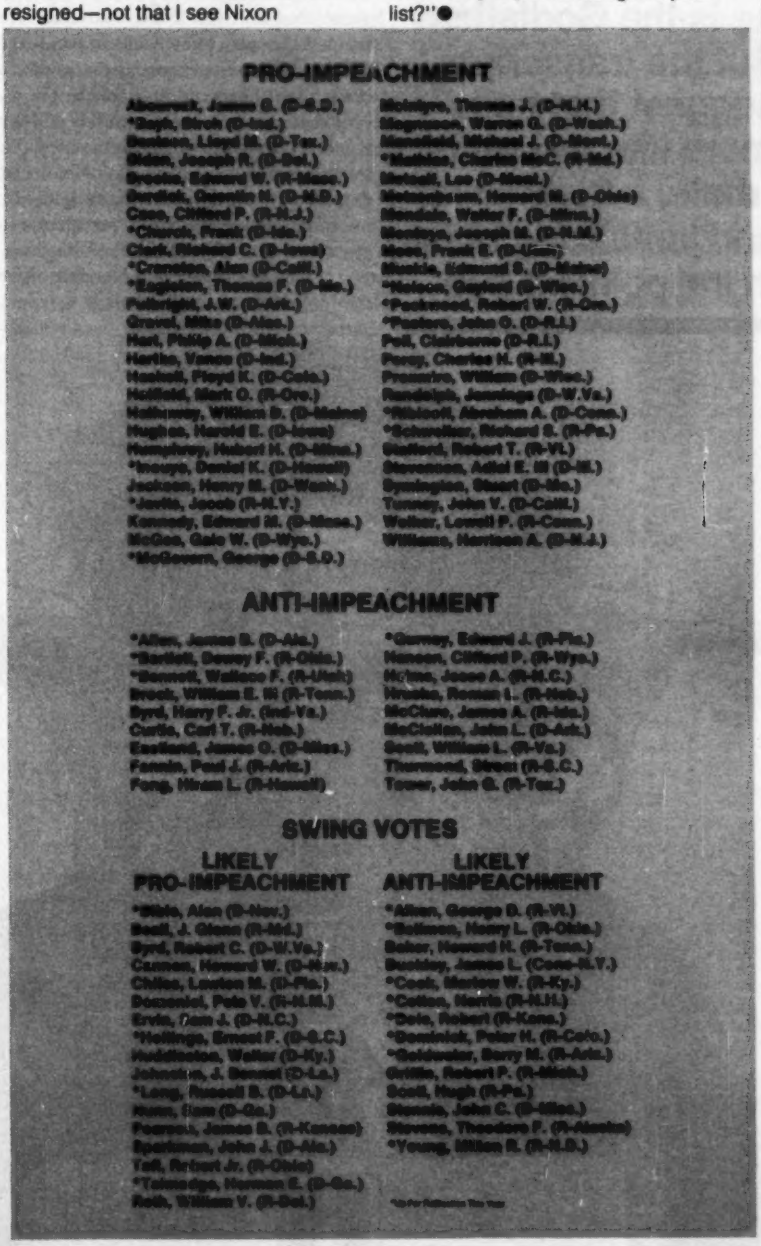
do just that, with President Nixon emerging from isolation in recent weeks for hectic rounds of picture-taking and Potomac cruises with possible Senate supporters. But they simply doubt that such tactics will work. "I'm not saying impeachment is free of politics," said one Midwestern Democratic senator recently in his office late one afternoon. "But politicians, especially incumbents, are deeply worried about the public's cynicism. What better confirmation of it than to discover the Senate is horse trading on impeachment?" The best politics may be not to deal on this one, or at the very least not to appear to.

Next to head counts, Washington loves scenarios. Most kicking around now take a fairly lopsided, bipartisan House impeachment vote for granted, if the articles are based on the cover-up and the White House's refusal to furnish tapes and material to the House committee. Then, Republicans fantasize, the key Republicans—Scott, Griffin, House Leader John Rhodes, Anderson, and maybe Mel Laird and party head George Bush, all led by elder statesman Barry Goldwater—go to the White House to ask the President to resign. If he refuses, the case goes to the Senate. Here it gets tricky. What Washington fears most is a cliffhanger, an Andrew Johnson kind of result, one way or the other.

A consensus is the fervent hope. And there aren't many takers on the bet that it will go in favor of the President. "I see a lot of votes changing over at the last minute, and if it's going that way, only six or seven votes for the President in the end," says one staffer for a Southern Democrat. It is here that a handful of influential senators may count for everything. Southerner Herman Talmadge, clearly outraged by White House doings during the Watergate Committee, can influence fellow Southerners. If old-timers John Stennis and John McClellan moved over, that would be the beginning of the end for the President. Howard Baker could swing some votes because of his service on the Watergate Committee and because of his national political ambitions. Sam Ervin might sway some lawyers. Scott and Griffin are important if they choose to exert influence. Robert Byrd, as Democratic Whip, might convince more of his Southern colleagues than the liberal leader Mike Mansfield. George Aiken and James Buckley are influential because of their independent reputations. The key, though, is Goldwater. "He could start a rush in either direction and is the one man who could organize the Senate," says one of his Republican colleagues. Goldwater is said to believe privately that President Nixon was deeply involved in the cover-up.

But maybe head counts and scenarios aren't even the point. "Impeachment is an issue like Vietnam, a moral issue, the kind Washington doesn't know what to do with because it can't be managed in terms of public opinion or political deals," said one Republican senator nervously in a recent chat. "Basically I see us in a period like the months before LBJ resigned—not that I see Nixon resigning—in that I don't see Washington having much control over what's happening in the country. The groundswell has its ups and downs. High impeachment sentiment after Cox and the transcripts. Tapering off periods like now. But even without any more bombshells, the President's eventual ouster, however far down the road, seems the end result."

The President couldn't reverse the trend? "Well, I don't go in for all these predictions. It's just too hypothetical. Anything could happen. We've been through these scenarios so many times, I'd hate to call it. Now—where do you put Talmadge on your list?"●



Will the real Richard

Nixon thinks of himself as Lincoln; his detractors say he is the Godfather. But the transcripts suggest that he is more like the white whale, a frightening and tantalizing blank in the political sea

By Richard Poirier

In the books about Nixon, and I think I've read them all, there is no testimony from anyone who has spent time with him—family, friend or foe—that suggests what it's like to be near him. He seems to have no affect whatever, to leave no reportable impression. If there were a book about Nixon comparable to the recent reminiscences by the friends of John Kennedy, *Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye*, the title would not indicate that Nixon had departed the mortal scene too early in life, but rather that he had never occupied it in any way that allows intimate recollections.

The White House transcripts prove the point. Even when what's left unshredded and undoctored is one day made available, we won't have the whole Nixon. He is not a man capable of giving himself in small, much less large, doses, and for good reason: it is unlikely that by now a real self exists any more for him than it does for us. Still, the transcripts are probably as close as we can come to some approximation of the elemental Nixon and how it functions.

These transcribed conversations, hedged as they are with cautions that are dissolved only in a few rare instances, with trickeries directed as much against the aides he trusted as against the world outside the Oval Room which they all mistrusted, these transcripts, with their curious mixture of apparent sincerities and obvious deceptions, of pretended deferences ("at least that's my view," the President is fond of saying) giving way to

Nixon please stand up?

only momentary bursts of authority, offer a drama that might be called the trying out of Richard Nixon.

The trying out consists, to resort to *The Standard College Dictionary*, of "a performance in preparation for a public opening; a test of an actor in a role; a trial to ascertain fitness for some purpose." And in the give and take necessitated by this kind of "trying out" in the Oval Room and the Executive Office Building, the transcripts are also a trying out in a special sense some might remember from a reading of *Moby Dick*. That is, the melting down of blubber, as from a whale, to the essential oil, the burning away of rhetoric to show, however obscured by smoke screens, something of the essence, still slippery nonetheless, and, like ambergris, with a sinister, lurid perfume. Up to now Nixon has been, to press the analogy, like the white whale on the loose, a kind of frightening and tantalizing blank (though elemental force) in the political sea, a blank onto which admirers or detractors could project almost whatever color, whatever valuation or disvaluation they chose to imagine out of the needs and paranoias which he has helped to generate since he first entered national political life.

And just as the problematic nature of the white whale (with its capacity to excite speculation which it could never itself satisfy) had the result of stimulating in Ahab and his crew the effort to understand the mystery by drawing analogies, to categorize the enigma by comparison, so, too, with our mysterious Dick. One commentator, Garry Wills, notes that Moynihan tries to cast Nixon as Disraeli, Kissinger to cast him as Metternich, Len Garment to cast him as Churchill, and that Nixon yearns to cast himself as Woodrow Wilson. For Wills, the Nixon of the Checkers speech is altogether more like Dickens' Uriah Heep: "umble as I am, umble as my mother is, and lowly as our poor but honest roof has ever been. . . ." Another commentator has compared him to the hero of Horatio Alger's "Ragged Dick" series, based as they are on the principle that a struggle against poverty and temptation inevitably leads a "good" but common boy to wealth and fame. Yet another, in the recent play *Dick Deterred*, makes Nixon into Richard the Third.

These and other comparisons help, I suppose, but not much. Richard the Third, for example, is a man who oiled his way to the throne with the blood of more

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY MOSHER

legitimate contenders until he is finally cut down himself. But unless one believes that Nixon had a hand, through Hunt, let's say, in the attempted assassination of Governor Wallace (a hypothesis that must, in the light of Gore Vidal's brilliant essay on E. Howard Hunt in *The New York Review of Books*, continue to haunt the mind), it is more likely, given the challenge to Shakespeare's characterization by recent historians, that the comparison does more injustice to the English than to the American Richard. Richard the Second might come a bit closer, with his self-pitying banalities, his dependence on corrupt aides whom he helped corrupt, his anxiety about his great rival Bolingbroke (for which read the Kennedys) of whom he tries to dispose by imputations of scandal. And there's a further likeness: when the jig is up he, too, wants to hold onto his crown by making it synonymous with his head, by confusing the throne with his person, his Presidency with his only temporary occupancy of the office. But our Richard, however much he participates in these weaknesses and obfuscations, is a far tougher person and an altogether more adroit politician.

Admittedly, Johnson was compared to Macbeth in a quite crude bit of political satire named *MacBird*, but Nixon somehow has existed in the imagination up to now in a greater variety of comparisons than probably any president in our history. Of course, in a sense, figures like Richard the Second and Richard the Third also exist only by virtue of some exaggerated comparisons, by virtue, that is, of their transformation into the glamour and power of Shakespeare's language. Perhaps in their own voices, if we had tapes and transcripts, they would sound as banal as Richard Nixon. What is evident from Shakespeare to the present, however, is that we do not want the great emperors of the earth to be or to sound banal in private or in public.

At least that was the case up to the present. Nowadays it may well be that the preference of the vast majority of people who vote for Nixon, as distinguished from the tiny minority who write about him, is for someone whom they do not have to imagine as being very much different from themselves. Nonetheless, the public response to the transcripts indicated that once a man is allowed to occupy our equivalent of the throne, people expect of him a certain kind of conduct, a certain imagination on his part of the role he must now play. Of this, Nixon is apparently incapable. In a curious way it might be said that he has betrayed his historic trust by fulfilling his political mandate.

This obsession with the power and personalities of the great emperors of the earth is, after all, one of the central subjects which has bedeviled the human imagination beginning with the literature of Greece and Rome. And if imagining what the great emperors are like in private is a problem for us, it is also, apparently, a problem for them. We play the record of *Camelot* and think of the dead leader, when perhaps we should wonder why, if Jack Kennedy really was like King Arthur, did Jackie also have to play the record in their bedroom. Kings and queens, at least in the historic plays of Shakespeare, go about even in private thinking giddily of themselves, sometimes in the third person and as the literal embodiment of the country. "I am dying, Egypt, dying," says Antony to his Cleopatra.

It is not unamusing to note that the President, who has all the while tried to seem like an almost faceless citizen, should now be acting like the most imperial occupant of his Office. All rulers try to avoid at least the appearance of those "swellings" and "over-reachings"—the Renaissance equivalents for "getting out of line"—that will so misshape the body politic as to necessitate amputation. Nixon has decided to give up trying. In fact, even in the early conversations in the transcripts about the "cancer growing on the presidency" (as Dean would have it), Nixon will only go so far as "lancing the boil," as if that will reduce the swelling.

Romantic, wicked, wacky or obscene, Nixon can't be any of these to the point where our imagination can take hold

His figures of speech about himself when he is in trouble are as tacky as the toy hats and tunics in which, when he felt on top of things, he dressed the White House police. Romantic, wicked, whacky or obscene—he can't be any of these to the point where our imagination can take hold. Part of the humiliation in reading the transcripts is the discovery that Nixon's own imagination, after everything the nation has given him by way of stimulation, never takes fire from the dazzling situations in which he has been allowed to find himself. Nobody in public life has ever impoverished the imagination of a people more than he has. After the houses, after the White House dinners, after Air Force One, after Peking and Moscow, our chosen king remains no more than the man from whom, long ago, we were warned not to buy a used car, even if it comes from the car pool at the White House.

Failing of glamour on the high road, then, we set out to endow Nixon with some sort of glamour on the middle or the low road. Commentators have gone from Shakespeare to Fitzgerald's Gatsby, the man of inner vacancy whose manifestations of ill-gotten wealth give him no satisfactions beyond pursuit of a dream that turns out to be unworthy of the effort. And from Fitzgerald they've gone, with great frequency of late, to Puzo's *The Godfather*: Nixon as Mafia lord in the calmness and dignity of his achieved preeminence, leaving the dirty work, of which he was himself an acknowledged master, to his trusted "family," who manage only to get him into trouble, get him killed almost, though he's at last too clever for that and dies on his own time. And yet, if Nixon is unequal to roles that might sustain the awesomeness of his office, he is also unequal to the role of thug. "I am not a crook," he says, and while those who think that he is one may be offended by his lying, those who think that he isn't are even more offended by his contemptible way of telling the truth. The Topeka *Journal*, in renouncing support of him, is said to have compared goings-on in the Oval Room and the Executive Office Building to a gangster film with James Cagney, which is only a pathetic effort to sweeten the bullet when they had at last decided to bite it. And *The Village Voice*, which ran a series about Nixon's alleged operations in Florida, makes him into a crooked son of a bitch, one smart macho, operating with the Bebe on Mafia profits, and forgets, as liberals always do, that if false analogies in Nixon's favor turn round to hurt him when he can't live up to them, false analogies in his disfavor turn round to help him when it's shown that he doesn't quite live up to those either.

Manifest in all this is the use of literature for the most plaintive of causes—to make the conduct of our public affairs seem just a tiny bit more gratifying to the imagination than is the conduct of most of our private ones. Hence, even the possibility that the man in the Oval Room is an arch villain is somehow preferable to the greater likelihood that he is only what Conrad calls "a flabby devil." That's true, of course, only for those who don't like flabby devils, and there are indications that the majority of citizens now prefer them to real ones. Traditionally, at least,

NIXON AS RICHARD II
BY BLAKE HAMPTON

true villainy was thought to have its own kind of grandeur. Because if there is grandeur in wrongdoing, then, at least, we have been led to suppose, there may someday, with someone, be grandeur of another and ennobling kind. It doesn't seem unreasonable, in a time of great national crisis like the present, to want therefore some evidence of human range, of extremities reached. Nixon seems to deny the possibility. He has done what it seemed impossible to do. He has proved the irrelevance to himself of the entire repertoire of the popular imagination, the popular mythologies of art, high, middle or low.

To think, therefore, of any possible literary examples which will help us understand him is to think of figures who have accumulated enormous significance but who cannot, finally, imagine or articulate it. One example is Shakespeare's Iago, but only *after* he decides never again to speak: "Demand me nothing," he replies when asked to explain the clear evidence of his scheming, "what you know, you know." Iago's resort to silence is, like Nixon's, more than defiance, more even than self-protection. It is also, I suspect, a tacit acknowledgment that for what he has done there simply is no explanation that can now make any kind of sense to the people who want one. All he can give additionally are more facts; there no longer exists the possibility of extenuation. And the facts have already burst the forms, each more contrived and embracive than the last, which he and his cohorts invented to contain the facts when they first began to emerge. Nothing Nixon can say, nothing he can release, including the undoctored tapes, will explain what we know already. He can merely enlarge upon what we know—that there was and is a conspiracy.

What needs to be understood is not only how Nixon himself participates in it but, more importantly, why he and his supporters, even with the transcripts in evidence, can still nonetheless insist on his innocence. Moral outrage will not help us toward an understanding. We must instead try to figure out what he could mean by "innocence." The reason for doing this is not to exonerate him, which is impossible. Rather, to consider the possible legitimacy of his claim to innocence points us toward certain features in our society and in ourselves which prevent us from calling him, just as it prevents certain large segments of our society from calling even Lt. Calley, guilty of anything. That is, in the degree of Nixon's innocence resides if not our collective guilt then surely our collective responsibility for the things that have happened to our country, and of which Richard Nixon is only the most visible representation.

Nixon is hard to locate, hard to describe, partly because he is that large part of America itself which has become inarticulate, inexpressible, knowing what it knows but not caring, not able, to tell. To understand him more thoroughly would be to understand the apparently colorless, disaffected mass of people who have elected him to represent them. They knew and did not resent his colorlessness. Even his ardent supporters, even Goldwater, have described him in some such terms as "a loner," "unreadable," and the extent of his support, especially in the last election, represented the pure expression of a national will, or willessness, untainted by the kinds of personal affection or personal enthusiasm which contributed to the popularity of John and especially of Robert Kennedy.

We should wonder why, if Jack Kennedy really was like King Arthur, did Jackie have to play the record of *Camelot* in their bedroom

For that reason the transcripts only give the momentary illusion of making him less anonymous. When you strip Nixon of some of his public covers, when you get down near the essence, what you find is—nothing remarkable at all. After the first shock of "hearing" him in a relatively unbuttoned state, there is yet another and greater shock, the shock of national self-recognition. The transcripts remind us that the Oval Room and the Executive Office Building are very much like many other rooms in homes and businesses across the country, and they therefore raise the possibility that the manners and mores of the White House conversations tell us as much about the country as they do about its leaders. In that sense, the White House spokesmen, right about so little, were right when they labeled expressions of moral outrage over the transcripts as so much hypocrisy. The evidence of swearing, for example, surely can surprise no one; the play with options is standard practice in most businesses, especially in the advertising business where Haldeman and Ziegler worked together in the same company; and the blatant exploitation of "national security" and of "executive privilege" oughtn't to provoke anyone who nodded over the Tonkin Gulf resolution, refused to inquire into President Johnson's likely complicity in the Bobby Baker scandal, failed to test out the allegations that Bobby Kennedy played fast and loose with wire taps, or didn't get at all excited when it was known that Truman set up a special tax loophole to cover the royalties for Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe*.

Is it any wonder that besides mention of most of these and of many other precedents for wrongdoing in high places the transcripts should be filled, too, with the public rhetoric of law and order, of authority and respect for office which, long before Nixon came to office, were the shibboleths by which the national government of Kennedy and Johnson people tried to repress any critical inquiry into the misuses of power? From the beginning of his career Nixon has only been an especially raw and notorious practitioner of these various forms of national deceit, evasion and moral pretension.

This is especially true after *The Pentagon Papers*. Like the transcripts, *The Pentagon Papers* are about the plan and execution of systematic lying to disguise the illegal application of executive presidential power. But the similarity does not end there. Just as *The Pentagon Papers* demonstrate the degree to which government officials and government agencies habitually communicate to one another in documents that will someday be public and do so knowing nonetheless that they are speaking in essential P.R. formulas which are at variance with the known truth, so the transcripts show how the President and his aides continually consult *as if* they are not aware of the actual story they are meanwhile trying to hide by the creation of alternate stories or fall-back positions or bureaucratic obstruction. The substance of the two documents is importantly different, but the manner, the participation in the dialogues of deceit, is, just as importantly, the same.

And just as it is demonstrably ludicrous to think that Kennedy and Johnson and their aides, those most reputable men, believed the lies about democratic self-determination in Vietnam and the lies about North Vietnamese provocation, while talking in these terms *even to one another*, so it is impossible to believe, despite what he likes intermittently to claim in the transcripts, that Nixon didn't know the whole Watergate story from the very beginning. One cannot "listen" to the way he and Haldeman talk to each other and think that Haldeman could or would have withheld information from the Presi-

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NIXON AS DICKENS' URIAH HEEP
BY JOSEPH SMITH

dent which Magruder gave him the day after the Watergate break-in and which, as Magruder testifies in his forthcoming book, Haldeman seemed, in any case, to know already. Equally, only the most naive could note the way Nixon and Mitchell talk to each other in the transcripts and still believe that when Mitchell was eased out, two weeks after the break-in, he and the President sat alone through a farewell luncheon together on July 1 and solemnly assented to the explanation that Mitchell had to quit as campaign manager for "the one obligation which must come first: the happiness and welfare of my wife and daughter."

Assuming full presidential knowledge, the conduct of the conversation in the tapes begins not only to make sense but to become an exciting personal drama, a drama, to begin with, of "law and order" under siege and the attempt to restore it to authority. "Law and order" has always been a neurotic imperative of Nixon and of certain elements in the country that are traditionally frightened of disorderliness and incapable of seeing its potential benefits.

"Law and order" has been an extension onto the public life of the nation of that control of impulses which, from the very beginning of his career, Nixon has exerted over himself. It takes an inwardly unruly person, and a citizenry worried about its own unruliness, to care as much about "law and order" as Nixon and his majority always have, and the transcripts are simply the final, the inescapable evidence of a repressed unruliness, of a terrified obsession with losing control of situations, of an embattled authoritarianism straining to regain control.

There is an intense conflict in Nixon between, on the one hand, his own anarchic impulses, his criminality, and, on the other, his insistence on the control of these impulses by acts of will rather than by subscriptions to judicial law. The refusal to "release" even any healthy evidences of his own lawlessness has always been apparent even in some of his public conduct. There is, for instance, the famous speech after the loss of the 1962 gubernatorial election in California when he taunted reporters with the remark that they "won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore." This seeming outburst is often taken as an example of one of the few times when he has lost control in public, but any close attention to the film

clips of the press conference will show that the true significance of the episode is in the drama of his continually reasserting control whenever he comes close to letting it all out. It is a revelation of his superb, distrustful self-discipline and, above all, of how this discipline has preempted the place of instinct, as in an athlete who, though beaten, continues mechanically to exhibit flashes of his craft. His predilection for verbal slips is evidence, in his case, of someone who has let himself be so wholly absorbed into formulas, so displaced by the mechanical pilot, that he becomes momentarily unaware that he is using the wrong words in what, diagrammatically, is the right place in the sentence. A little-known instance, on a long-suppressed film clip of a newsreel, occurred when, asked to comment on the shooting of Oswald by Jack Ruby, he gave that slight cocking of the head, that single prolonged hooding of the eyes that apparently turns on the memory bank for the release of whatever he's planted there earlier in the rehearsed day: "Our system of justice," he said, "simply cannot condone such acts. Two rights don't make a wrong—I mean, two wrongs don't make a right."

The transcripts are best read as an instance, on a massive scale, of the sequence just illustrated. An effort to gain and to hold control of an unpredictable situation—such as the election of 1972, at least when Muskie seemed a likely candidate—sets in motion forces that need to be watched and contained by Nixon himself and by a few trusted agents, preeminently Mitchell, Haldeman and Ehrlichman. The operation, like earlier ones which were also full of dirty tricks and illegalities, especially the '62 California gubernatorial campaign which was run by Haldeman, was not, under such guidance, supposed to have been prey to accidents. But the trouble with manipulations of a highly disciplined kind is, like the trouble with the paranoia being expressed by them, that planning and precision, especially of a secret kind not subject to general review, is notoriously vulnerable to human accident. Indeed, the whole disaster issued from quite trivial failures of attention, little eruptions of human vagueness. If there had not been a bit of ineptly placed masking tape left on a door lock in the Watergate, the watchman would not have been alerted to the break-in at all; if the greatly admired superspies Hunt and Liddy had not left film in the camera they returned to the CIA, there would not have been a photo in the files of the agency showing Liddy standing, as Dean puts it, "proud as punch" outside the office of Ellsberg's doctor with the doctor's name clearly visible on a sign. Such is the stuff of history. Accidents, impulsiveness, even vanity– the things Nixon had spent a lifetime controlling with law and order for the self and, God willing, the nation—these very things established a connection between Watergate and the Ellsberg matter, either one of which might, if not connected, have been explained away. And from this first link others developed a life of their own, leading to the Plumbers, the tapping of newsmen's phones following Ellsberg's release of *The Pentagon Papers*, and the efforts of Hunt and Liddy in matters involving Howard Hughes, Dita Beard, ITT, Segretti. It was indeed a cancer, obeying its own rules, and like a cancer it started from the merest mutations.

The transcripts are a drama of repeated efforts to contain the disruptive consequences of disorderly facts, facts, that is, which instead of remaining self-contained seemed gregariously to "connect" themselves to other facts belonging to incidents and plans that were, Nixon wanted to insist, wholly unrelated and discreet. As the transcripts show, the process centered initially on efforts to keep events from being "connected" and on equally strenuous efforts to keep people from "connecting" and sharing what they knew. But when attempts to keep things separate would flounder, then attention would go to contrivances by which emerging patterns could be rationalized or covered by claims of national security. Part of the problem was, of course, with his own staff and the natural affinities by which they would trade information and slowly become aware themselves of being part of some larger and sinister pattern.

The release of the transcripts is really part of the cover-up—not an exception to it

Nixon's handling of these and related difficulties is far more impressive than commentaries on the transcripts have chosen to suggest. He uses and controls everyone and everything he talks to, including the tape machines. In relation to the machines, he is in a position both to substantially control what goes onto the tapes, including what he can induce others to say, and to control the disposition—the timed release, the distortions, the destructions—of the tapes themselves. It is probably this multiple arrangement for the control of himself and others that helped induce some of the momentary lapses on the tapes that are also characteristic of Nixon, but which he felt sure he could correct by the release of doctored transcripts. The release of the transcripts is, therefore, really part of the cover-up, not an exception to it. Knowing that the Special Prosecutor, on recommendation of the Grand Jury, had made some of the tapes available to the Rodino committee—the tapes he was obliged to release, complete with gaps, after the storm over the dismissal of Cox—he seems to have expected that his own highly contrived transcript of the tapes, along with St. Clair's equally contrived prefatory analysis of them, would sufficiently flood and confuse public reaction just at a point when the few tapes he had been forced to release were going to be played before the House Judiciary Committee.

While the transcripts are clearly an inadequate substitute for the tapes when it comes to many specific passages of great importance, their very existence, along with their over-all conversational manner, give unmistakable evidence of the general involvement of the President in a conspiracy to obstruct justice. The patterns of talk suggest not an effort on the part of Nixon to know more about Watergate and related crimes but rather to know, and then be better able to control, what other people are managing to piece together. What is taken as a curious deference on the part of the President, a kind of slowness in his dealings with Haldeman, Ehrlichman and even Dean, is rather, I think, a combination of noblesse oblige ("What the hell, I am always kind," he says on March 27), an awareness that the group, except for Dean, already shares the basic information, and a deeply ingrained talent for manipulating a number of intentions that are potentially and dangerously self-canceling. It seldom served his purpose to take command of a situation in which more purposes were served by seeming to be ignorant. In using his aides to try out different forms of explanation, he is at the same time anxious to use the tapes to register, as best he can, the appearance of being unaware from the start of the explosive "connections" of some facts with other facts. The tape machines were, among other things, a convenient device for self-monitoring. This was doubtless true, too, for Haldeman, who admits knowing about the machines, and it seems clear that Ehrlichman knew about them as well, despite the advantages he gets from the claim that he didn't. Probably, but not certainly, they knew as much as the President knew about the whole imbroglio.

But the likes of Dean, Petersen and Kleindienst not only knew far less about it

but did not know they were being spoken to by a man who also knew that their conversations were being taped. In dealing with them, the President's special problem was that neither the tapes nor the auditors should get a clue to the extent of his knowledge. What, then, did he want from them? Advice? But what good is advice from people who knew so much less than he knew about the situation? Their advice was useful only insofar as it could be applied to that situation of relative ignorance the boundaries of which it was in the President's interest both to determine, restrict and solidify. He asked them, and especially Dean, a lot of questions, not because he needed to know the facts but because he needed to know what they, the Justice Department and the Grand Jury, considered the facts to be.

Dean does not recognize in the transcripts the complications of Nixon's position. He does not see that the reason Nixon asks so many questions in their meetings is again not that Nixon is uninformed, as Haig and Ziegler have subsequently tried to claim and as Dean himself seemed to think. Rather, he wants to find out just how much Dean knows, how informed Dean has become in his conversations with others about possible links and connections. On March 17, for instance, Dean brings up the break-in at Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. At the beginning of the conversation Nixon himself acknowledges the connection between Hunt and Ehrlichman and yet goes on to express bewilderment at how Ehrlichman could be involved in so harebrained a scheme. Under the circumstances of knowing about Ehrlichman's connection, he makes what can only be a disingenuous remark designed to force Dean into exposing his knowledge of connections among the incidents:

P: I can't see that [the Ellsberg matter] getting into this hearing.

D: Well, look. No. Here's the way it can come up.

P: Yeah.

Obviously Nixon is not trying here, as Haldeman and Ehrlichman have claimed, to determine the degree of Dean's own culpability, since no one then or subsequently ties Dean to the Ellsberg-Ehrlichman matter. It is irrelevant, too, that Dean, again as Haldeman and Ehrlichman claimed before the Ervin committee, is sometimes unaware that Nixon is often merely hypostatizing. Here, as in later conversations with Henry Petersen, Nixon is simply playing dumb in order to discover when threads of connection might, at any moment, be leading toward an exposure. He will go to ludicrous extremes in the process. For example, on March 21, having already been told only four days earlier that the CIA has come into possession of a snapshot of Liddy standing in front of the office of Ellsberg's pyschiatrist, the following exchange occurs:

P: Who else do you think has—

D: Potential criminal liability?

P: Yeah.

D: I think Ehrlichman does. I think uh—

P: Why?

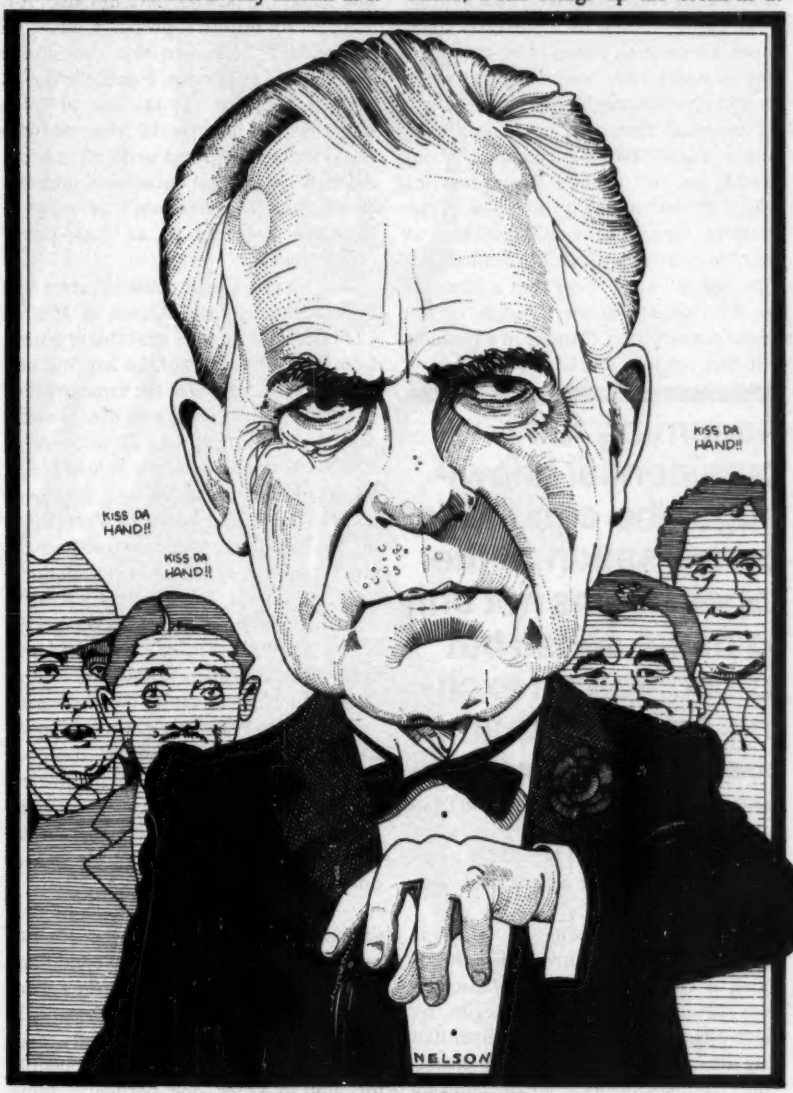
D: Because of this conspiracy to burglarize Ellsberg's doctor's office.

P: That is provided Hunt breaks?

D: Well, the funny—let me say something interesting about that. Within the files—

P: Oh, I thought of it—the picture!

Little boy blue. When moments earlier the President had said "complete disclosure, isn't that the best way to do it?" he is meaning no more than he has ever meant. He means disclosure of what is already known or about to be disclosed anyway. Nixon's powers of simultaneous manipulation for his various purposes is a dramatically compelling exercise in intellectual agility and self-control. His performance makes any interpretation of the transcripts disconcertingly unstable. The problem isn't merely, as usually proposed, that he and his closest aides indulge in scenario sketching and the testing out of options. When this happens there's no mistaking it, and the occurrences would not of themselves seriously confuse the determination of liability. What really confuses any search for the truth is the over-all manner of the conversations involving the President, their general tone and tactical inclination. These are the factors which inhibit determinations of specific matters, such as the payment of hush money. And yet, at the same time, they confirm beyond any reasonable doubt that



NIXON AS THE GODFATHER
BY BILL NELSON

the President was engaged in a cover-up. To put it another way, if the manner of the President as exhibited in the transcripts poses a problem for those who want to draw up a particularized bill of indictment, it poses no less of a problem for those, like Mr. St. Clair, who want to argue for the President's general exoneration. The more any defender of the President insists on the indeterminate nature of the President's conversations, the more he would have to agree that the indeterminacy derives either from the President's ignorance and his desire merely to elicit information—an untenable position, it seems to me, on grounds I've just laid down—or he would have to agree that it is evidence of the maneuverings of a man in the know trying to find out how much others are getting to know.

It is also apparent, and important, however, that the way the President conducts himself in these conversations doesn't seem at all out of character to the little clan to whom he is talking. Dean, in his testimony before the Ervin committee, found only one of the President's conversations so "leading" as to make him suspect it was being taped, and his evidence is based mostly on Nixon's movement to one side of the room in order to mutter that "I shouldn't have talked to Colson about immunity." Dean never seems as acute as either Haldeman or Ehrlichman in catching the degree to which the President's speech consisted of indirections to "find direction out."

An amusing example of this, and of the difference in response to it on the part of the three most important of the President's auditors, occurs in the conversation late in the afternoon of March 21. Dean has just told Nixon that everyone is starting to protect "their own behind." Nixon begins by responding as if, in consequence, he means to start looking more carefully after his:

P: Maybe we face the situation. We can't do a damn about the participants. If it is going to be that way eventually, why not now? That is what you are sort of resigned to, isn't it?"

Dean allows himself to be credited, illegitimately, with what is in fact the President's own apparent brutality, and proceeds to court favor by pushing himself further onto a limb the President is already preparing to cut off:

D: Well, I thought (inaudible) by keeping on top of it it would not harm you. Maybe the individuals would get harmed.

Nixon has managed to elicit his cue for a bit of the old moral unction, which didn't, of course, prevent him from scuttling one loyal follower after another, or from effectively disposing of Dean in the very exchange in which he now is able to say, "We don't want to harm people either. That is my concern. We can't harm these young people (inaudible). They were doing things for the best interest of their country—that is all."

Haldeman seldom gets taken in by such maneuvers, since, after all, he is in them already, and Ehrlichman is marvelously adroit at playing the whole field. Masticating there like a wise pouchy frog, often saving himself for a summary statement, Ehrlichman comes in on this occasion moments later, and while proposing an option which might help Nixon escape an eventual charge of covering-up, he neatly adapts Nixon's comment about "young people" to the P.R. purposes for which it was originally intended: "The President then makes a bold disclosure of everything he then has," Ehrlichman begins, and the word "bold" has a facetious wit that belongs to the cynicism of the whole conversation. "And is in a position if it does collapse at a later time to say, 'I had the FBI and the Grand Jury, and I had my own Counsel. I turned over every document I could find. I placed my confidence in young people and as is obvious now (inaudible).' "

Assuming full presidential knowledge, the conduct of conversation in the tapes begins not only to make sense but to become an exciting personal drama

The environment of the Oval Room and of the Executive Office Building as it emanates from the transcripts helps us understand the strategies by which Nixon transforms even a man like Haig into a replica of Ziegler, a man who totally confuses loyalty to Nixon with loyalty to the country. This happens, in part, one might guess, because Nixon manages to let his aides confuse themselves with him, their subordinate function with the functions of the presidency. So that finally Nixon's self-interest is also theirs *and* the nation's. It is not the palace guard which captures the President, as Mr. Cox sometimes supposes, but the President who continually seduces the palace guard. While the effects of this claustrophobic way of running the country are increasingly disastrous, there is at least some ironic justice in the fact that the very reason why it has been exposed is that the Watergate break-in, a wholly self-interested enterprise, became inextricably linked to the break-in of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office which was presented as in the interest of "national security." Furthermore, the existence of the tapes themselves attests to the confusion of wholly private with putative public profit: on the one hand, the tapings were initiated, it is claimed, for historical purposes, while, on the other, it is known that one of the President's tax lawyers, Frank DeMarco, advised him that the tax law of 1969, under which he may be charged with fraud for the attempted write-off of "contributed" letters and documents, does not cover the "contribution" of what is elegantly referred to as "non-paper memorabilia."

Nixon's entire political career was initiated, under the guidance of Murray Chotiner and in the contributory anti-Communist hysterias of the late '40s and early '50s, by his use of the same cover of "national security" which he tries to evoke now. Jerry Vorhees was disposed of in 1946 on Nixon's way to the House, Helen Gahagan Douglas on his way, two years later, to the Senate, partly by a subtle use of the Red-smear tactic, assisted in the latter case by the racial as well as political slurs of Gerald L.K. Smith, who was brought in to "help Richard Nixon get rid of the Jew-Communists." The road was clear to the Un-American Activities Committee, to Hiss, to fame, the vice-presidency—and to Watergate. Domestic political trickery and claims of national security—the combination of the Watergate break-in with the break-in at Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office—were from the beginning of Nixon's career his special opiate for the people.

He did not of course operate in a vacuum. The Red-baiting of the '30s and not Nixon himself created the conditions in which he has flourished. For the reason that he has always been what he now is and that this has always, eventually, paid off, it is difficult and probably impossible for him to know one particular thing about himself: that from the start he has been a conspirator *within* the establishment, making use of the political methods to which it lent its dignity, no matter how much he believes he has operated outside it. It is a curious and complicated matter. Even while citing precedents in the transcripts for the misuse of federal agencies and the IRS by Johnson and Kennedy, even while being cynical about earlier evocations of "national security" and "executive privilege" (both of these being liberal inventions of the Eisenhower

years), even while being fully aware that his own inside knowledge of the tax write-off that Truman arranged for Eisenhower is one of the things that forced Eisenhower to keep him on the ticket after the Checkers speech hinted at exposure—even knowing all this, he is still the ungrateful enemy of what he calls the establishment. In a conversation with Dean on March 13, wherein he says, "No one is a friend of ours. Let's face it," he also talks about the scandals over Segretti's dirty tricks and the Watergate "caper" as "the last gasp of our hardest opponent. They have just got to have something to squeal about . . . the basic thing is the establishment. The establishment is dying, and so they've got to show that despite the successes we have had in foreign policy and in the election. They've got to show that it is just wrong just because of this. They are trying to use this as the whole thing."

Nixon is notorious for being happiest in an adversary role, and yet he is also known as a man whose language, despite some tiresome expletives, is usually bromidic even for a national politician of the '70s. The seeming contradiction of his being extraordinarily powerful and just as extraordinarily banal is resolved by the fact that as an adversary of the establishment—by which he seems to mean old money, the silk-stocking liberals, the Eastern law firms (of which he was nonetheless a member), the socially immobile respectables—he is unusually adept at mimicking their tones, even if in the manner of a maitre d' who's struck it rich, and in using the methods by which they controlled the nation and by which they endowed the presidency with the very powers that awaited Nixon's exploitation.

NIXON AS LINCOLN
BY GERRY GERSTEN

In manipulating these by now customary practices and vocabularies, like those of "national security" and "executive privilege," he has managed to separate them from the subtle, the socially and intellectually discreet "cover" provided by the networks of the establishment and to turn them into the conspiratorial practices of an insulated clique, a gang with no previous political loyalties or experience outside of its service to him. The result is the exposure not only of himself but of his immediate predecessors and, for those who take a staunchly revisionist view of our history, of most American presidents back to George Washington. Nixon has discredited both their basic methods of operation and their vocabulary; he has blown the "cover" of the system itself.

These devastations are in direct proportion to the fact that Nixon, for all his impressive brilliance of mind, does not exist for the imagination. By that I mean that his essential non existence increases the danger already evident in a nation which, faced with increasing shortages, has already begun, for a change, to ask radical questions about the whole economic and political setup. There is now a good chance that people who find in Nixon an inadequate scapegoat will transfer still more of their contemptuous suspicions to the system. Even during the planning for the election in 1968, one of the brightest of Nixon's campaign analysts, Kevin Phillips, predicted to Garry Wills how things might develop and how Nixon figured as a kind of cipher in the prospect. "There will be no landslide this year," he said of 1968. "No charisma. The only mystique that can be built around Nixon is the mystique of the non-mystique. This will be a realignment victory; the trends will take him in. But you watch us in '72. . . . I'd hate to be the opponent in that race."

The venalities exposed in the transcripts are themselves part of the "trend" that spawned and still sustains Nixon. They will have succeeded even more brilliantly if we fail to insist on the kinds of "connections" which Nixon has been trying to prevent our making, "connections" which reach beyond the immediate scandals, beyond Nixon himself, and lead us into the thickets of our political and economic system. Nixon, and especially these bits of him which are found in the transcripts, is simply not all that we might want to project upon him, and we should not sacrifice him or ourselves to that illusion. The transcripts only testify to the need for the self-searching that ought to attend the impeachment and Senatorial trial of a man to whom the nation gave, only months ago, the largest plurality in its history. And if Nixon is found innocent, then all the more and all the more beneficially we may begin, just at that point, to discover the degree to which our society is perhaps both sicker and more guilty than he is. ●

Wayne Morse's last hurrah

By Harry Stein

It was 2:00 p.m., Friday, May 24, 90 hours before Oregon's Democratic Senatorial primary, and Wayne Morse had just finished his fourth speech of the day. Ramrod stiff, he walked down the steps of the auditorium stage at Portland's Lewis and Clark College and thrust himself into the crowd. He was shaking his fifth or sixth hand when a kid, a bit too neatly dressed and much too smug, sidled up beside him.

"Pardon me, Senator," said the kid. "I was wondering if I could ask you something."

Morse turned toward him. "Sure," he said, the rasp in his voice as rich as ever, "that's what I'm here for."

"Well," said the kid, "I had the opportunity of visiting with Senator Hatfield last year and we got to talking about you. He said that when you were in the Senate, you took the issues too personally and that your colleagues tended to ostracize you."

Morse eyed the kid coldly. "Hatfield lied to you," he growled finally. "Hatfield's a liar. I didn't have an enemy in the Senate." And he kept on moving.

The kid was momentarily dumbstruck. "Uh, thank you Senator," he called out after the back of the grey head.

Yes siree. Wayne Morse—73 years old now and twice left for political dead—is as cantankerous as ever. He is still more independent than any other major politician in America. And less predictable. And fiercer in fights for things he believes in.

Six years ago, of course, those qualities were a laundry list of political liabilities, the major reasons why Bob Packwood was able to squeak by the 24-year Senate veteran on election day. Oregon was a hawkish state in 1968, and Morse—one of two senators to have voted against the Tonkin Gulf Resolution and the most implacable Establishment opponent of the war from the beginning—had simply offended too many of the state's voters. "A propaganda job had been done," he says now, shaking his head. "I was the only member of the state delegation out of step on the war, and I paid for it." He smiles. "But at least I don't have blood on my hands."

In 1968 straight talk was the old man from Oregon's political undoing. But now he is back for a final run at the Senate, and in 1974 his honesty looks very good

That seems to be the consensus. Morse, once vilified as a traitor or a fool, is now generally looked upon, even in his own state, as having been a visionary. Blue-collar workers come up to him in the street and apologize for having opposed him. College students congratulate him for his guts. Vietnam veterans, some visibly moved, thank him on behalf of their dead friends.

Morse doesn't really understand any of that. "All I ever did," he says almost irritably, "is what the people elected me to do—vote on the issues as I saw them."

There is something crusty even about Morse's humility. Like Harry Truman, one of his early Washington pals, he has little patience with small talk or the people who make it, and he seems almost anxious to promote the irascible old goat image. "Why," he was once asked by his friend Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, "can't you learn to agree with people?" "I've gotten where I am," snapped Morse, "by not agreeing with people."

It was this Morse, the feisty Morse, that was on display throughout the primary campaign. Looking like a well-groomed Mark Twain (with his clipped grey moustache and unruly eyebrows), and raising tarnation like Cotton Mather (with his gravel voice and unsparing delivery), the ex-Senator stood behind lectern after lectern drawing the devastating comparison between the gang in Washington and himself.

He has loathed Richard Nixon, whom he routinely refers to as "that cheap crook," since the time 25 years ago when the President served with him in the Senate, and he has taken particular advantage of Nixon's recent status as fair game. "The man," says Morse evenly, "is thoroughly

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF CAMPAGNE

corrupt. Always was! In the Senate the only legal tender you have is your integrity. Nixon wasn't there 90 days before many of us knew he was bankrupt. He was worse than Joe McCarthy even. Just as bad, only slicker. And thoroughly dishonest.

"You know," he adds with a smile, "when this business of donating papers for tax purposes came up, some of my opponents thought they had something on me at last. They realized I'd given 23 tons of my papers to the University of Oregon. But when they looked into it, they discovered I hadn't gotten a penny for them. Hell," he says triumphantly, throwing out his hands, "they belonged to the people in the first place!"

If Morse's cockiness is less than becoming, it is at least understandable. His files, his tax returns, everything has always been available for public scrutiny—another fact he let drop with unsubtle regularity during the campaign—and during his Senate days, no influence peddler worth a damn ventured within 50 feet of him. Even now, he refuses to allow reporters or even members of his own staff to buy him dinner, and tiny hints of his obsessive incorruptibility pop up a dozen times a day. Towards the end of the campaign, for example, just before a radio interview, Morse found a penny on the studio floor. "Look," he said, stooping to pick it up, "I found a lucky penny." He turned to a guy in headphones. "But I gotta give it to your station."

"Why don't you keep it, Senator," said the guy.

Morse looked stricken. "No, no, no," he said, "it's not mine. By law it's the station's."

The integrity issue was only one theme Morse raised in every speech. He also made a point, in case anyone had forgotten, of lining up with the left wing of his party on every issue of consequence: against the Administration's economic policies, against the federal government's lack of action on health-care programs, against the continuing shipment of arms to fascist regimes. Then, too, he spoke often on subjects of limited interest outside of Oregon. He was hurt in 1968 by the charge that he had been inattentive to the needs of his home state, and this time around he managed to get in almost as much time on the shipment of raw timber to Japan and the intrusion of Russian and Japanese fishing boats into Northwest American waters as on foreign policy matters.

And invariably, throughout the campaign, during post-speech question

and answer sessions and meetings with reporters, somebody brought up the old issue, the issue with which his name will always be associated. "You know," he said, over and over again, "we were never without a majority on the war in the Senate cloakroom. Right from the beginning, we had a majority on the war in private. They just didn't have the guts to vote against it."

Then his voice would soften and he would continue. "But things might've been very different. The last time I saw Jack Kennedy, ten days before he died, he'd just received a special report on Vietnam from John Kenneth Galbraith. He told me that he'd come to recognize what I'd been saying, that we were outside the U.N. Charter and we were an outlaw nation. 'Incidentally, Wayne,' he said, 'I'm gonna ask you to give me half a day to go over the report point by point.' I laughed—that was typical of Kennedy—and said, 'Me give you half a day, Mr. President? Why I'm at your command! But I do just hope you've caught two or three of my major thrusts against your policies.' He laughed and said, 'Wayne, if I haven't yet, I never will.' "

But Morse's past was far less an issue in this campaign than his future. Nobody gets very far in Oregon attacking Morse's record: domestically he was always as progressive as anyone in the Senate, and it now seems almost foolhardy to contradict him on foreign policy. But he is 73, and 73-year-olds have trouble getting elected anyplace. The age issue was instrumental even in his 1968 and 1972 defeats at the hands of the tweedledum and tweedledee of liberal Oregon Republicanism, Senators Packwood and Mark Hatfield, and his principal Democratic opponent this time, Jason Boe, the lusterless state senate president, pegged his entire campaign to it. All of Boe's literature bore the heavy-handed reminder that a vote for Boe was "A Vote For Your Future," and he played the age theme loudly up and down the state. Largely as a result, he picked up the endorsements of two-thirds of the state's daily papers.

The age issue also appears to have taken a particular toll this year among the voters. According to one informal poll conducted by another candidate, fully one in five Oregonians is reluctant to vote for Morse because of his age. They simply aren't sure the old man still has what it takes.

Over the past three months, Morse has gone about trying to prove that he does. During the primary campaign, he campaigned 14 hours a day, dashing from meeting to meeting with a step so brisk he left aides 50 years younger panting. Before audiences Morse always raised the issue himself, and by the end of the campaign he was able to make the case for old men in government as effectively as the most gritty Grey Panther. "Would you really like to have done without a Churchill?" he asked. "Or without an Adenauer? Or without a Marshall or a Warren or an Oliver Wendell Holmes on the Supreme Court? You know, some of my strongest opponents on the age issue are old people. They say, 'I had to retire at 65 so why shouldn't the politicians?' The answer to that is that they shouldn't have had to retire at 65!"

Even Morse's bitterest enemies don't suggest that his age has affected his mind. The evidence to the contrary is simply too overwhelming. Throughout the campaign he regularly made long, long speeches—frequently eloquent and always replete with legal precedents to support his positions—using only the skimpiest of notes. He routinely made long and sometimes tedious digressions from the subject at hand but he always picked up the thread of his thoughts exactly where he'd left it. As the Salem *Capitol Journal*, one of the few papers to endorse the ex-Senator, editorialized, "Morse is intolerant, windy, egotistical—but articulate and knowledgeable to a fault. Hardly anyone needs to know as much as he gives."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES W. FISCUS

Morse gets the word at the University of Oregon.

The fact is, of course, that it was Morse's insistence on knowing more than anyone else that made him the kind of legislator he was. His Senate staff is said to have been the best on the Hill, and Morse, a former dean of the University of Oregon Law School and a constitutional authority of repute, was obsessive about getting a hold of all the evidence on an issue. As he points out, more to set the record straight than to boast, the fact that he began opposing American policy in Indochina in 1954 was no accident.

He still opposes America's Indochina policy and all of the men that make it. "Nixon oughta be impeached for a lot of reasons," he says, "and one of them is for his actions in Southeast Asia. 'Cause he's a war criminal. He violated one provision of the Geneva Conference after another, and for all we know he's still doing it."

And, in Morse's view, Henry Kissinger is no better.

Mentioning the Secretary of State in front of Morse is like dangling a forest of red flags before a killer bull. It brings on spontaneous outrage. Morse blasts even those of the Secretary's efforts for which he has been almost universally praised. Sitting in an armchair in his modest room at Portland's Hotel Roosevelt, a ten-dollar-a-day place he's stayed at regularly since it became the first hotel in town to unionize 30 years ago, Morse, on an hour break from the campaign, thought about Kissinger and scowled. A television nearby was blaring out a dialogue among several local candidates for Congress, and Morse glanced at the screen as he started to speak. "You think that a Middle East truce supervised by the superpowers is gonna last?" he asked sarcastically. "I'll tell you what's gonna happen to Israel. Kissinger's gonna sell Israel right down the Straits of Teheran before he gets through with 'em." He paused for effect. "The Jewish leaders think they can trust this Administration. Well, don't forget, there were a lot of Jewish leaders in Germany who thought they could trust Hitler."

On the TV screen, a confident young man in a conservative business suit was knocking the Kennedy-Griffith Health Plan, the most far-reaching of the health-care proposals currently before Congress. Morse listened for a moment and shook his head. "How anyone can be that ignorant I'll never know!"

He noticed the spool of tape turning before him. "Kissinger," he said, snapping back into focus, "is a dangerous man, an advocate of government by men and not by laws. Why just last month it was discovered in the Senate that we were sending our latest military equipment to that crook Thieu, in complete violation of everything Congress had thought they'd made clear when they ended appropriations to Vietnam. And when they challenged Kissinger on it, what did he say? 'Oh, that's part of the secret understanding of Paris.' And they let him off the hook! They let him get away with it! He's the guy who oughta be tried by the Senate for violating the Constitution!"

Another young Congressional candidate was on the screen now, and Morse turned to look him over. "I really don't think we need to spend 40 billion dollars for a health plan," the guy was saying. "I think the Nixon Plan of 6 billion dollars will take care of it."

"Heh," Morse snorted, "it'll take

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF CAMPAGNE

A failure to communicate: "He wants some pat formula," Morse said afterwards, "and it just doesn't exist."

care of the insurance companies, anyway!" He looked across the room at a young aide, who returned his grin.

"You know," he continued, grim again after a ten-second pause, "I watched Kissinger's confirmation hearings on television and I sat shocked that no one laid a hand on him! They coulda blown him outta the room with only one question: all you had to do was hand him a copy of the Constitution and say, 'Where in this document is there one word about the President of the United States being allowed to wage war? C'mon, read it!' And it woulda ruined him!" A guy on television was talking about how the seniority system should be ended because so many of the committee chairmen are senile. Morse leaned forward and snapped it off. "That's what I woulda done."

Of course that's what Morse would have done. He never hesitated to say anything to anyone. It still warms the cockles of veteran protesters' hearts to think back on that memorable day back in early 1966, a time when some of their closest friends were still hedging on the war, when General Maxwell Taylor, Johnson's ambassador to Saigon, ran afoul of the senior Senator from Oregon during nationally televised hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "It isn't going to be too long," proclaimed Morse at one point, "before the American people, as a people, will repudiate our war in Southeast Asia."

The general, a prime architect of the war, replied, "That, of course, is good news to Hanoi, Senator."

Morse leaned across the committee table and pointed a finger. "That," he said slowly, his voice heavy with contempt, "is the smear artist that you militarists give to those of us who have honest differences of opinion with you. But I don't intend to get down in the gutter and engage in that kind of debate, General."

Given his low estimation of the scrappiness of some of his former colleagues, Morse believes that Richard Nixon's conviction by the Senate—while richly deserved—is hardly likely. "Anyway," he adds emphatically, "he owns more than a third of the votes in the Senate. Corruption extends to the legislative branch as well as to the executive. What makes you think he isn't blackmailing 'em?"

"Kissinger's gonna sell Israel right down the Straits of Teheran. There were Jews in Germany who also trusted Hitler"

And, given Morse's track record, one is not inclined to argue. As a matter of fact, most people are loathe to question anything he says, at least in his presence. His cocksureness and his inclination to lecture rather than discuss—perhaps a holdover from his days as a crack law professor—generally elicit more admiration than warmth, and many people who know him casually, including several members of the United States Senate, see themselves more as disciples than friends.

But he is a different man with those he knows well, and his campaign staff, virtually all of them under 30 and most of them Morse loyalists from their days in the antiwar movement, are incredibly protective of him. They treat him gingerly, the way precocious children handle an irascible but lovable grandfather, and Morse responds by playing the role to the hilt. He grouses constantly when they are around, demanding to know why no one looks after the Stetson he likes to wear, or why the campaign schedule isn't more precise, or why they insist on driving the campaign car, Morse's own little Hornet, five miles over the speed limit. "Just let me do my job, Senator," said the guy driving the car en route to one campaign stop, "and you do yours." "How can I do mine," grumbled Morse, "when I have to worry about yours, too?"

The staff gets back at him, gently, by pointing up the waning gaps in his experience which peg him unmistakably as a fogey. One story they like to tell is about an appearance Morse made recently at the University of Oregon, where a young man, grinning broadly, deposited a stick of marijuana in his hand. Morse, not knowing what it was, walked around for five minutes with the joint in full view before a staffer snatched it away and passed it to a nearby friend. "I'd never seen one before," the Senator explained afterwards, not at all sheepishly. "I thought it was a campaign contribution wrapped in unusual paper."

Some critics claim—and there seems to be something to it—that a more serious gap in Morse's experience is his relative lack of exposure to minorities. Like Eugene McCarthy, another senator who pricked the nation's conscience on the war, he seems to lack moral fervor in his approach to minority issues. No one questions his voting record on civil rights, which is exemplary, nor his legal commitment to anti-discriminatory causes. As far back as the early '40s, as a member of the War Labor Board, he was instrumental in bringing about the desegregation of several war-related industries. But, in sharp contrast to his approach to the war and other foreign policy issues, his positions on minority matters seem peculiarly devoid of emotional content.

Not surprisingly, it is a lack which astute blacks pick up on. At a campaign stop at a black community center outside Portland, for example, Morse was engaged by a political activist, who demanded to know—chapter and verse—what he intended to do to help the people of that community.

"Well," said Morse, "there isn't much a senator can do on the local level, unless you bring a federal issue into it. Sometimes he can use the prestige of his

office but. . . ."

This was not what the black guy wanted to hear. "I can see where you're comin' from," he interrupted, "but that's not where we're at. We're concerned with puttin' black folks in positions of power, in positions where they can start runnin' some things in this town. There are businesses now that won't even hire black folks."

Morse nodded. "Then you've got to bring suit against these institutions and prove what you're saying. You've got statutes on the books to do that right now."

The black guy shook his head and smiled a weary smile. "Those are the trips white folks are always puttin' on black folks. We don't have the money for no lawyer! Blacks are tired of this sort of thing."

Wayne Morse on . . .

Jerry Ford: The man's a terrible reactionary. It would be disastrous to have Ford as president, but less disastrous than Nixon because he isn't as smart as Nixon.

Maxwell Taylor: There's a would-be man on horseback if ever there was one. You couldn't let him near a political horse because, like McArthur, he would've ridden it until it dropped.

Hubert Humphrey: In spite of everything, you won't catch me knocking Hubert. We went through a hell of a lot together. In his time he was truly courageous, one of the great liberals of the Senate.

Lyndon Johnson: He made a shocking record of public betrayal.

William O. Douglas: A great American.

Robert Taft: In many ways he was a reactionary, but he was as progressive as anyone in the Senate on procedural matters. And he had integrity.

Mark Hatfield: During his campaigns he holds down one fundamentalist pulpit after another. Never trust a politician who campaigns with a Bible in one hand without looking for the daggers of hypocrisy in the other.

Mike Mansfield: He's a very gentle person. I have great regard for him in many, many things, but not in his quality as a fighting leader.

Morse on Morse: I'm controversial and I always will be. You can't be the kind of figure I've been in politics and have ambitions to be president.

A couple of minutes later, the conversation at an impasse, the black guy drifted away. Morse sighed, turned to someone nearby and said—right into a reporter's open microphone—"That's the trouble with these people. He wants some pat formula and it just doesn't exist. That's the trouble with 'em. They pull the rug out from under their best liberal friends because they can't go to a mountaintop and give 'em an oracle decision."

Morse was probably right, but it was not the sort of thing that a liberal politician interested in getting elected should say in public. The fact is, though, as everyone around him knows, the man simply can't help himself. Almost compulsively, he says what he feels, and over the years his mouth has done him a lot of harm. In 1966, over the violent objections of his staff, he made the disastrous tactical error of endorsing dovish Republican Hatfield over a Democratic hawk—a move that split the party and led inexorably to his own defeat two years later. Fourteen years earlier, following the GOP's nomination of Dwight Eisenhower for president, Morse, at the time a Republican himself, decided to his own satisfaction that Ike was a thorough incompetent and proceeded to say as much publicly. There are Oregonians, some of them originally Morse supporters, who still haven't forgiven him for that.

Nor is Wayne Morse given to recantation. It is still less than prudent to knock Eisenhower, whose stature, for a lot of people, grows with the passage of time. But there was Morse, during the middle of this campaign, raging to a reporter—for publication—that "Eisenhower was completely dishonest. Actually, he was more stupid than dishonest by intent, but the result was the same. Dwight Eisenhower was undoubtedly the most stupid president we've ever had in the White House. An ignorant man! A shockingly ignorant man!"

But if Morse's candor has occasionally been reckless politically, it has also done him a lot of good. His supporters—and they are pervasive in Oregon—are almost religious in their devotion to him. And right about now, with Watergate hard upon us, he is looking pretty good even to a lot of people who never had any use for him before.

But, as he drives for November, the paramount question becomes whether Wayne Morse still has all the other qualities in addition to decency—the diligence, the legislative smarts and the outright chutzpah—that caused his adherents to dub him "the Tiger of the Senate" in the first place. Most of those who caught him during this primary campaign went away convinced that he has, and Morse himself left very little doubt that he intends to wage the campaign of a man 50 years younger to get himself back to Washington. But, if he is to make it all the way, he's got a hell of a lot more convincing to do.

Morse realizes full well that this year is his last time around—even if he wins he will be 80 when the term expires—and in the days before the first obstacle, the primary, he became increasingly tense. He had spent only $16,000 on the campaign, a bit more than half Boe's campaign expenditures and one-tenth of what Packwood spent running unopposed on the Republican side, and had not been able to afford any television time. Though he was heavily favored, there was no way to know for certain how the campaign was going.

On May 28, election day, he retreated, as always, to the seclusion of his ranch outside Eugene. There he saddled up his 24-year-old riding horse and, as he has done every voting day since 1944, headed for the foothills.

Back in Portland, his young staff was left to mind the small campaign headquarters downtown and fret. Early that evening they gathered at the home of the press secretary to watch televised returns, and from the beginning things looked good. Despite the aggressive pessimism of a few who, after all, had not been party to an election night celebration in a decade, it became clear that their candidate's ten-point lead would stand. By 9:00 even the most persistent naysayers had begun making fun of Boe, an optometrist by profession, for refusing to concede. "He's waiting for the blind vote to come in," one of them snickered.

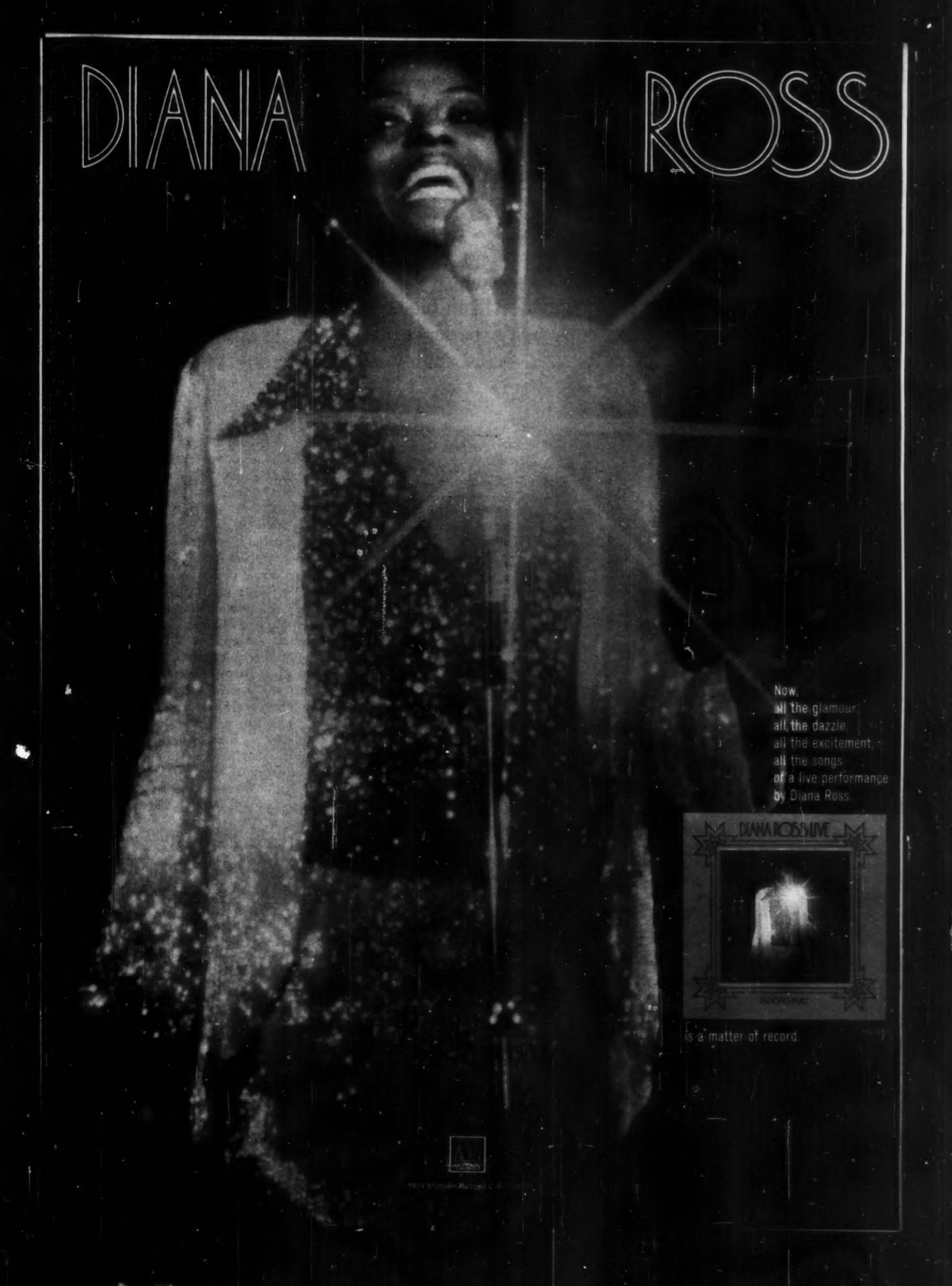
"Well," someone said seriously moments later, "we're underdogs again. Packwood's the incumbent and he's going to play the age issue like a Stradivarius."

"The age issue!" snorted a volunteer sitting on the floor. "Jesus, I'd rather have Morse for two years than anyone else for six!"

There was a long silence. "Well," the first guy said, "it's going to be a hell of a tough job. Even with Watergate, it'll be damned tough."

"I know," said the volunteer, "but it'll be worth it. One thing keeps me going. One thought." He paused and smiled dreamily. "I keep imagining the looks on those lightweights' faces when the doors of the Senate chamber swing open and that ornery old man walks in and says, 'I'm back.'" ●

DIANA ROSS



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The bisexual debate

In which a noted scholar surveys the evidence from biology, anthropology, history and his own experience to answer this simple question: is bisexuality normal or abnormal?

By Martin Duberman

Hermaphrodite and the garden worm: "simultaneous bisexuality."

About a year ago I made this entry in a sporadic journal I keep:

"Bisexuals seem to be popping up all over. Until recently, I knew very few, and none well. I could relegate them to some distant category of indecision. Now I know many—and tend to romanticize them as the embodiment of the brave new world struggling into being. They're already acting, one part of me says, on the rhetoric most of us are spouting—that warmth between two individuals should eventuate in physical expression, regardless of the genders involved. But is 'physical expression' the same as 'genital contact'? . . .

"When I hear in detail *about the lives of [Phil] or [Wally], their bisexuality seems less a function of their free 'polymorphous perversity' than of their delayed recognition that they prefer sex with men. They continue to maintain a bisexual life because they're trapped in marriage obligations, or continue to need the security and support of a 'home life,' or remain unwilling to take on the still onerous image of being homosexual.*

"I remember [Carol] telling me she'd 'passed through' her bisexual 'phase,' that she thought the current pressures to be bisexual were to be resisted as a cop-out, as a failure of nerve.

"I don't know. I think it may be the central—and largely ignored—issue in 'gay liberation.' If, as Freud thought, we all have (or originally had) bisexual capacities, the injunction should be to discover and utilize them. If, as Carol feels, we are either *homo- or heterosexual, then those who mix the two become cowards and poseurs . . . but that kind of patronization may be* our *way of refusing to come to grips with our bisexuality."*

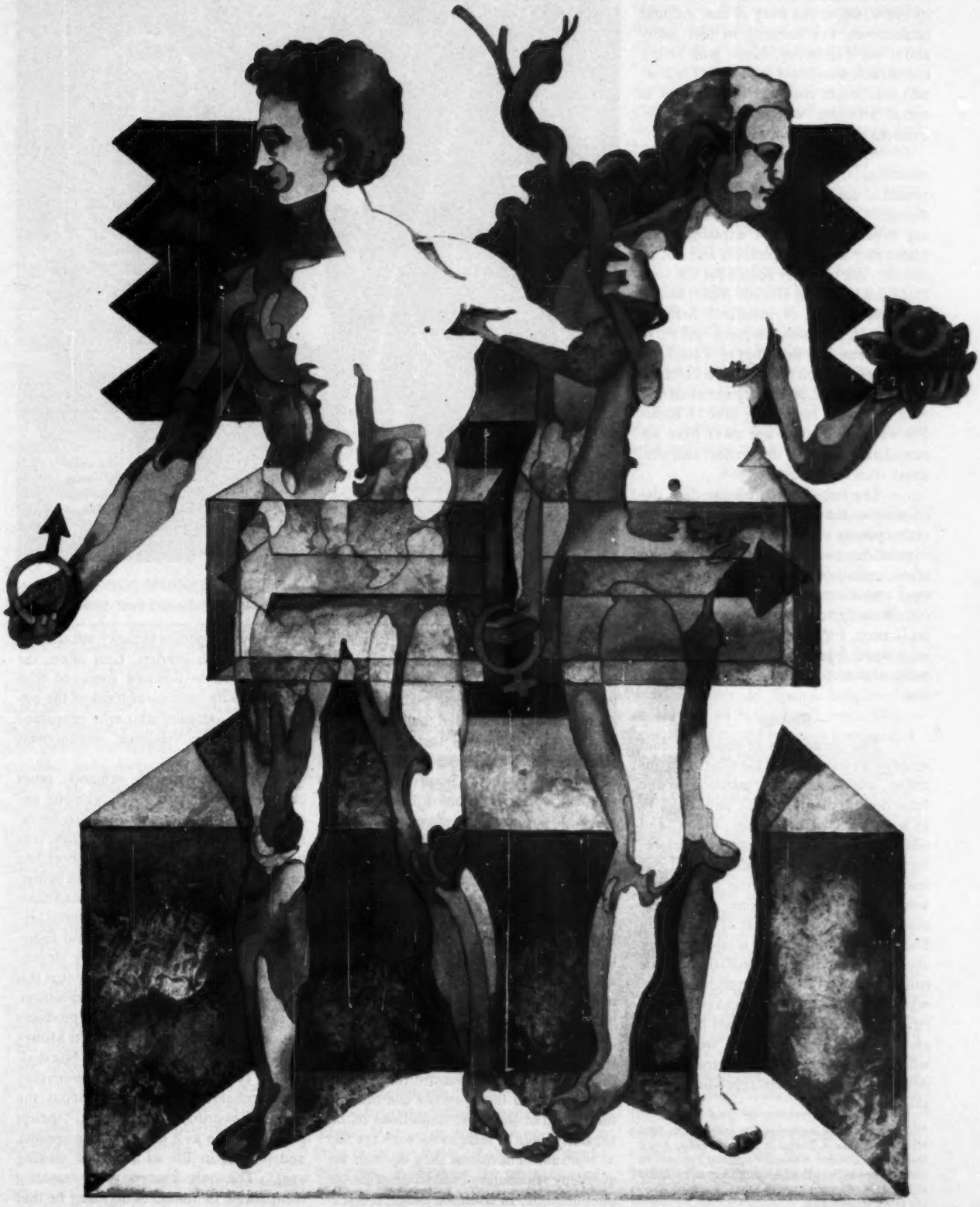
Martin Duberman, historian and playwright (In White America), *is currently writing a book on sex and society.*

Now, a year after writing that diary entry, the bisexual ideal has come increasingly to be touted as the standard against which all who aspire to be *bona fide* members of the Sexual Revolution must measure themselves. The psychiatrist Robert E. Gould, speaking as a heterosexual, has recently declared his new-found conviction that "if there were no social restrictions on sexual object choice, most humans would be functioning bisexuals." Phil Mullen, speaking as a homosexual in a recent issue of *The Gay Alternative*, has expressed a view heard increasingly within homosexual circles: ". . . we gay people . . . have often been heard to argue that the lives of straights would be richer if they could only respond sexually and emotionally to others of their own gender. *Our* gay lives, by the same token, would be richer if we could open up to . . . heterosexual love . . . . Now that we're finally learning that gay is good, we'll have to start learning that gay isn't good enough. . . ."

Probably. But I'm less sure than they of everyone's "innate" bisexual nature, and I'm worried that that assumption—though seemingly on the side of liberation—could prove tyrannical, could become the latest in a long series of "scientific" party lines used to whip deviants—in this case exclusive homosexuals *or* heterosexuals—into line. The recent reading I've done in the scanty literature on bisexuality, along with my proliferating personal contact with practicing bisexuals, has deepened rather than resolved the doubts and questions I expressed in my journal a year ago.

But before exploring the theory and practice of bisexuality, I should make one thing perfectly clear: I am not now and have never been a bisexual. To anyone alive in the Nixon Era, it's obvious that the preceding statement is probably

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN FREAS



untrue. My sexual activities (not to be equated with desires or fantasies) have always been—give or take a few clouded teenage experiences—exclusively homosexual. For most of my 40 years, I was made to feel guilty about my homosexuality; now, under the sting of new cultural imperatives, I'm learning to feel guilty about my exclusivity. Since guilt is the common denominator (and since I'm Jewish), one might conclude that no shift in social attitudes will appease my unquenchable instinct for self-castigation.

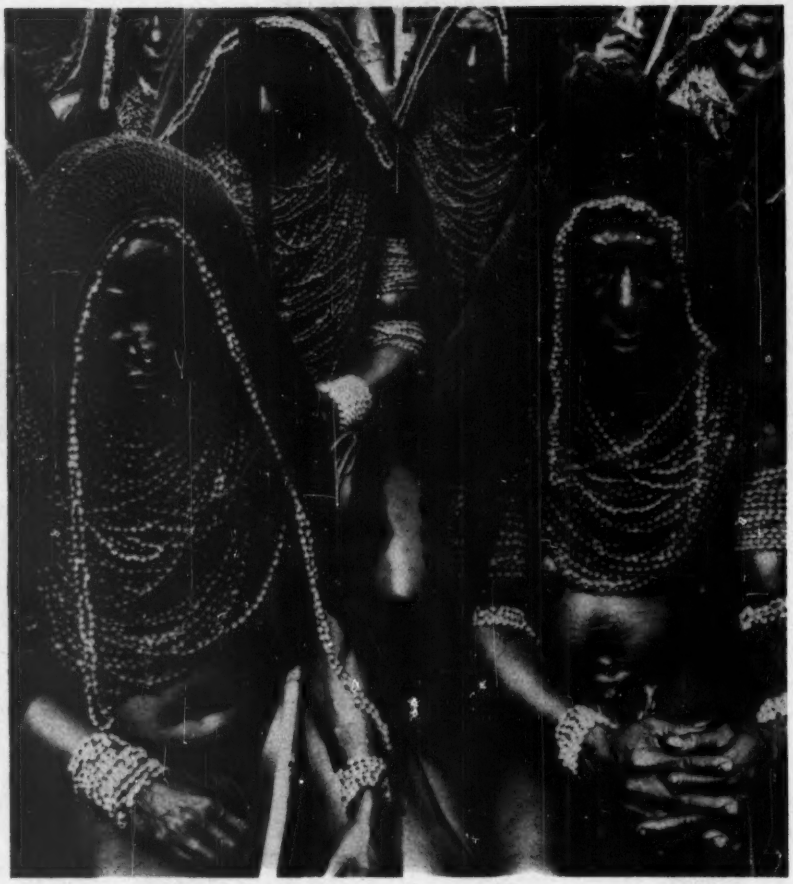
Among my many exclusively homosexual friends, some resent my espousal of the bisexual theme. At first they thought I'd found a new tactic for asserting superiority. After I explained that bisexuality was an aspiration and not an actuality for me, they settled for the view that I'm a latter-day Horatio Alger, fixated on some version of insatiable Self-Improvement. To which I respond—the nerve having been hit—that they're fixated on self-congratulation (all the while calling it self-affirmation). So the argument stands. And will stand for a long time to come. For we seem a space age away from accumulating the data—theoretical and personal—that might resolve it.

The "objective" data to date derives from three main sources: biology, anthropology and history. The evidence from all three areas is remarkably thin and often contradictory, either very new (biology) and therefore unreplicated or very old (history) and therefore incapable of replication. First, biology—the argument, as it were, from "nature," from the genetic, chromosomal and hormonal "givens."

Biology

The genetic sex of the individual embryo is established at the time of fertilization, but sexual differentiation in the fetus doesn't manifest itself until the fifth to sixth week of pregnancy. Freud (and until recently almost everyone else) referred to the undifferentiated genital system of the embryo during these early weeks as a "bisexual" one. Recent research—and especially that of Mary Jane Sherfey—suggests that it would be more accurate to say that mammalian embryos (unlike those of fish and amphibia) are *female* during the first few weeks of life; the strong intervention of the male hormone, androgen, is necessary to "overcome" what would otherwise be a straight-line development of ovarian reproductive organs.*

*For much of this discussion I'm indebted to John Money and Anke A. Ehrhardt, *Man & Woman, Boy & Girl*, and to Robert J. Stoller, "Facts and Fancies: An Examination of Freud's Concept of Bisexuality," soon to appear in a fine new book of essays, *Women & Analysis* (Jean Strouse, ed.).



Among primitive cultures, acceptable sexual practices include homosexual partnerships between adults and pre-adolescents, friends and even brothers.

Freud believed bisexuality was a biological universal—a potential inherent in all cells, tissues, organs, creatures. Since Freud also believed that psychology reflects biology, he assumed that bisexuality is present in the thought/feeling processes of all human beings—even if not in their overt behavior. Some 35 years ago, the distinguished analyst Sandor Rado issued what has become the classic attack on Freud's concept of bisexuality. Rado concentrated his fire on the sloppiness of Freud's conceptualization. "Bipotentiality of differentiation" in the early embryonic stages, Rado argued, had been confused with hermaphroditism, the possession of two complete reproductive systems in the mature organism; and only true hermaphroditism, he insisted, could properly be called "bisexuality."

But the absence of a dual reproductive system in human beings has not kept them from seeking pleasure (or relatedness) wherever their psyches cue them to find it. Strict linguistic definitions of bisexuality have as little to do with the *fact* of bisexual behavior as they do with the everyday vocabulary used to describe the phenomenon. In common usage, a bisexual is simply a person sexually attracted to people of both genders. Less often, the term is used to describe someone who identifies with *behavioral* traits of the opposite sex—someone who apes presumed "masculine" or "feminine" mannerisms or dress.

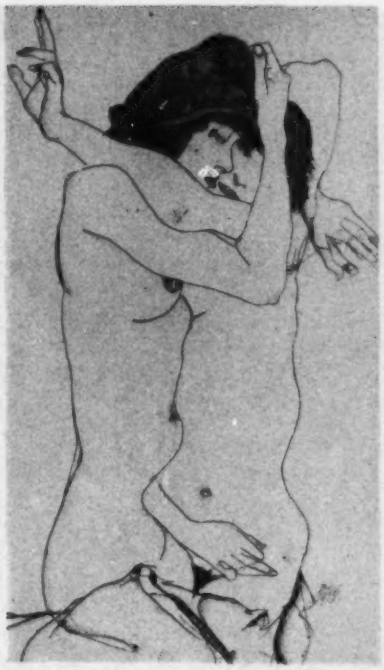
Thus the narrow semantic point can be conceded to Rado without any other conclusions about bisexuality necessarily following. Rado is correct that "true hermaphroditism"—a bisexual breeding capacity—is never found in human beings. (Well, almost never: a few rare conditions are known that are marked by genital ambiguity—a mixture of ovarian and testicular structures—or, in the male, by degeneration of the testes.)It is also true that this is in decided contrast with other creatures. A garden worm, for example, produces both eggs and sperm—a condition Money and Ehrhardt call "simultaneous bisexuality." In certain species of fish, bisexuality is sequential rather than simultaneous: the Mexican swordtail, for example, "spends part of its life as a male making sperms, and part of its life as a female making eggs." The only process even remotely comparable in human beings may be that

fleeting moment during the gradual buildup in the production of androgen in the male fetus at which, in Mary Jane Sherfey's words, "female and male hormonal influences are equal."

Higher in the phyletic scale, among birds and mammals, we do not find the capacity for hermaphroditic reproduction, but in subhuman mammals we do decidedly find bisexual behavior. The zoologist and physiologist R.H. Denniston has written categorically that "frequent homosexual activity has been described for all species of mammals of which careful observations have been made . . . it has little relation to hormonal or structural abnormality." Whether it relates, however, to "dominance behavior" or to what (if apes were humans) we might call "indiscriminate responsiveness to genital stimulation" has long been a point of argument. And in that argument, the "dominance" theoreticians have long been in the ascendance – with some of them denying that anal intromission (let alone orgasm) actually takes place.

But the balance in the argument is rapidly shifting. A convenient summary of that shift can be found in the work of Suzanne Chevalier-Skolnikoff. (The arrival of women scientists on the scene, less frightened–like women everywhere–of homosexuality than their male counterparts, will, I believe, produce a wide variety of reevaluations of supposed scientific truths.) In her study of the stumptail monkey, Chevalier-Skolnikoff has come up with some very unambiguous findings: "Homosexual encounters were numerous . . . the term 'homosexual' . . . refers to interactions between individuals of the same sex that involve prolonged (15 sec. or more) intensive genital stimulation of at least one of the animals. This definition excludes most mountings that function mainly as dominance behavior, since these mountings rarely involve prolonged genital stimulation. . . four of the five females in the group were involved in homosexual behavior. . . . Male homosexual interactions were more varied in form. . . . Eight different methods of stimulation were observed. They include extensive manual genital stimulation (which was often mutual), oral genital stimulation or fellatio (also often mutual), as well as dorsal mountings with pelvic thrusts and anal intromission"; orgasms were observed during female, but not male, encounters; homosexual intercourse took place in essentially the same position assumed in the common heterosexual pattern, and even though heterosexual options for sex were available.*

*Archives of Sexual Behavior, Vol. 3, No. 2, March 1974.



Two lesbians by Egon Schiele: Freud believed that bisexuality was a biological universal, inherent in all creatures.

As we've learned from the works of Lorenz, Ardrey and Desmond Morris, there's great danger in using animal studies to draw simplistic analogies about human behavior. We can tell plainly enough when two male stumptail monkeys are pleasuring each other (in eight observable positions, no less), but we can't be sure whether the incidence or quality is affected by the artificial environment of the laboratory; whether and how the *feelings* of the monkeys relate to their behavior (and thus to our own); whether and how

49 of 76 societies surveyed regarded homosexuality as a normal variable

the feelings of scientists watching those prodigies of fellatio affect their "objective" reporting of the material; whether–most basically–the behavior of stumptail monkeys, in or out of the lab, has much of anything to do with that of, say, macaque baboons–let alone the inhabitants of Manhattan Island.

Though the evidence from biology and from animal studies suggests the possibility that genes and hormones play a role in programming patterns of sexual behavior, it suggests far more emphatically that such behavior results from the *interaction* between genetic "predispositions" and the models, cues and injunctions provided by the social environment–with social learning playing much the more significant role. The latter point has been made incontrovertibly by John Money in his work on transsexuals: though the anatomical and chromosomal equipment of a given transsexual is entirely intact–it checks out as "correct" against every scientific measurement of gender–the psychological conviction of the individual that he or she has in fact been misassigned overwhelms all the supposed mandates of biology. "I am a woman trapped in a man's body" takes precedence in male transsexuals over all the seeming logic of XY chromosomes, testicles and penis, prostate gland and gonads, androgen levels and hairy chest. Neither psychotherapy nor electric shock, neither the insistence of healers nor the pleas of friends, has ever made the slightest dent in the determination of a transsexual to convert his or her anatomy to conform to the inner conviction that they *were meant to be* the opposite of what their internal biology and external anatomy suggests they are.

Anthropology

The anthropologists have given us additional evidence that our sexual behavior results largely from cultural, not biological, imperatives. Even a cursory glance at the psychosexual patterns of other cultures confirms how much our own are dependent on parochial social dictates.

More than 20 years ago, Clellan S. Ford and Frank A. Beach, in their classic work *Patterns of Sexual Behavior*, revealed that 49 of the 76 societies (64 percent) they surveyed regarded homosexuality as a normal variable. (They mean male homosexuality; 17 of the societies did sanction female homosexuality, but in anthropological research–as in everything else–female behavior is less visible, less studied.) The 49 cultures vary considerably in the kind of homosexual behavior sanctioned, the degree to which it is formally institutionalized and the extent to which it is merely encouraged, casually accepted or actually prescribed.

Among the fierce Kukukuku people of the New Guinea highlands, the ingesting of semen is magically endowed, considered essential to virile growth–and accordingly prescribed for all preadolescent and adolescent males. Among the Keraki of New Guinea, the prescription for health and character in the growing boy is regularized anal intercourse with an older man. Among the Crow Indians, sodomy is entirely absent–but there is frequent oral-genital contact. Among the

Batak people of northern Sumatra, adolescent boys are expected to have anal intercourse with one another—but fellatio is taboo.

Among the Koniag of Alaska and the Tanala of Madagascar, transvestite males ("berdaches") are usually regarded as shamans, persons in possession of supernatural power; and sexual contact with a berdache is thought to confer a variety of blessings. They become wives of other men—though the husband may have another, heterosexual wife, and the berdache sometimes has a female mistress. In Davenport's study of a Melanesian people of the Southwest Pacific, transvestitism is unknown; but acceptable sexual practices include homosexual partnerships between adolescent friends and even brothers, and between adolescents and older men—including their fathers' friends.

It's important to remember that in all these examples—and they could be multiplied many times—we're discussing bisexual behavior. The expected, approved, even prescribed homosexuality in these cultures is never found to the exclusion of heterosexuality. It is always expected (the berdache or shaman may be a partial exception) that if there is same gender sex there will also be opposite gender sex—sometimes simultaneously, sometimes alternately, sometimes progressively (that is, gender choice shifting completely from adolescence to adulthood).

The anthropological data allows for many *near*-generalizations in regard to same gender sex. We can say, for example, that it is *usually* connected with puberty rites and/or religious significance; that it *usually* involves anal intercourse rather than oral-genital contact; that it *usually* occurs prior to marriage and breeding; that a considerable age differential is *usually* present between the partners. But the only complete generalization we can make, the one universal we can point to, is that homosexuality is never found *in opposition to* heterosexuality. The same universal is true in all nonhuman animal studies.

There is but one exception: the Judeo-Christian culture of the West. If exclusive homosexuality is to be found only among human beings, the only human beings among whom it is found are those in our own culture. Even within our own culture, moreover, exclusivity is a relatively recent phenomenon; though known at least as far back as ancient Greece, it was considered a rarity and a subject for mockery (for example, in the plays of Aristophanes and Menander). It's important to keep in mind that the converse is also true: probably more people are exclusively *heterosexual* in our culture than at any previous time in recorded history—and within our culture, the exclusivity (especially for males) is more pronounced now than in earlier epochs.

The suicide of Sappho: while the lesbian poetess lived, coins were minted in her honor; two centuries later her works were consigned to the flames.

If this conclusion is correct—and the evidence is sketchy enough (we may, for example, associate exclusive homosexuality with the West simply because the phenomenon has been little studied in Eastern cultures)—it requires explanation, and that in turn requires a closer look at our past.

History

The history of sexual mores in the West is, for the most part, poorly documented—and therefore susceptible to a wide difference in interpretation. (I've often thought "philosophy" is contingent on limited data.) As the anthropologist Steve Weinstock has remarked, "Incidences are easily demonstrated, but attitudes can only be surmised."

There are but two books in English that survey the subject with any competence: G. Rattray Taylor's pioneering *Sex in History* (first published in the mid-'50s), and Arno Karlen's far more comprehensive *Sexuality and Homosexuality* (published in 1971). Taylor's book, gracefully written and often witty, is burdened with a theoretical superstructure derived from the rigid categories of psychoanalysis (the Oedipal Complex, et al.) and to that degree now seems overinterpreted and outdated. Taylor's inquiry, moreover, is pretty much limited to England, an island not as narrow in its range of sexual expression as generations of exposure to the royal hand-wave might suggest.

Karlen's book ranges far more widely, is remarkable for its scrupulous detailing and its sophisticated analysis, its blend of a scholar's precision with a journalist's concern with communication. Among Karlen's most firmly held views is that "we must scrap the biologically rooted concepts of bisexuality and latency." Taylor, on the same theme, waffles strangely; not once, but twice in his book, he states that "homosexual elements are present in everyone." Yet he constantly equates homosexuality with "abnormality." How a quality present in everyone can be considered abnormal is never clarified—though the whimsical implications of the converse are certainly tempting: "Normality is that quality which can be recognized by its absence in everyone."

It's possible, obviously, for a behavioral pattern to be commonplace and

yet not biologically determined: driving a car is one example. Such behavior, we say, is "learned." Very well. But why through time have human beings been so available for "learning" bisexual behavior? If biology has not been the cause, it has not been a deterrent, either; apparently no biological mechanism has ever existed sufficient to inhibit the capacity to take physical pleasure with people of either gender. "Nature" would seem to be neutral on the subject; we are or we aren't bisexual depending on whether our culture does or does not encourage the activity.

Karlen provides ample evidence for arguing that bisexuality has been so integral an element in human history that statistically speaking we would have to rank it among the few constants of "human nature"—on a par with waging war or using intoxicants. Though Karlen is the first to warn us how scanty the evidence is about the sexuality of early peoples, he does insist that on one matter "with confidence we can say this: for centuries or even millennia before the Greeks, many peoples from the eastern Mediterranean to Sumeria worshiped a goddess whose rites included both heterosexual and homosexual intercourse." He then names the goddess in her various incarnations—Artemis in Ephesus, Aphrodite in Corinth, Astarte in Phoenicia, Ishtar in Babylon, Isis in Egypt . . . Anitis in Persia . . . Cybele in Phrygia . . . Bendis in Thrace . . . .

Even Sandor Rado—like Karlen, unsympathetic to Freud's notion of a biologically rooted bisexuality—agrees with Karlen that as far back as we have records of human behavior, evidence of bisexuality exists. (We only have records, of course, for about 1 percent of our history—the last 10,000 years; before that, human beings lived in nonliterate hunting and gathering societies.) Rado finds traces of bisexuality in the Upanishads and the Old Testament, and he refers to certain Egyptian gods as being "notoriously bisexual." Curiously—in light of his vigorous argument against biological bisexuality—Rado locates the source of persistent bisexual behavior through history in "primeval, emotional needs of animalistic man." Confusing, to say the least. If "primeval emotions" bear no relation to biology, perhaps biology should no longer be looked to as the source of our "instincts."

Our scattered sources suggest that before 500 B.C. sexual activity was more uninhibited and homosexuality more acceptable than thereafter. In her fine new book, *Woman Plus Woman: Attitudes Toward Lesbianism*, Dolores Klaich argues persuasively that in Sappho's day (c. 612-558 B.C.) her poems were celebrated

Mark Antony: even Caesar—a bisexual—was shocked by Antony's mixed harem.

throughout the Greek world, coins were minted with her image, statues erected in her honor: in other words, no opprobrium of any kind was attached to her lesbianism (or perhaps, bisexuality—the existence of a husband and—more probable—a daughter, are disputed). It was not until Emperor Theodosius the Great (the Christian hero who massacred 7,000 people at Thessalonica) and the Council of Constantinople that edicts were issued declaring homosexuality a crime punishable by death, and

In Sparta a boy who had no lover was punished—and a boy who picked a poor lover over a rich one was fined

that Sappho's poems were consigned to the flames (390 A.D.).

Any attempt to generalize about "Greek" or "Roman" sexuality involves an absurd compression of a variety of lifestyles spread over some thousand years of human history. Even at any given moment in time, the extent and shape of bisexual behavior is disputed among scholars. Though Rattray Taylor, for example, agrees with other scholars that among the aristocratic class in classical Greece "every man was expected to take to himself a boy" and a boy not chosen by anyone was a boy disgraced, he disagrees with them in confining the relationship to the kind of quaint Victorian roles of Inspirer and Listener that I very much doubt Socrates and Alcibiades would have recognized.

To avoid excessive absurdity in the compression of complex historical data, it's perhaps best to content ourselves with scattered glimpses of the assorted styles of bisexual identification in antiquity:

In the 4th century B.C. a picked band of male lovers fought against Philip of Macedon at Chaeronea and died to a man. In Sparta a boy who had no lover was punished—and a boy who picked a poor lover over a rich one was fined. Julius Caesar's diversity of sexual tastes earned him the reputation as "the husband of every woman and the wife of every man"; but even Caesar was scandalized by the harem of both sexes Mark Antony kept in Rome—perhaps because Caesar did not believe pleasure should be institutionalized.

Though female homosexuality was practiced in Greece, no one knows how widely; among the few bits of extant evidence are the fragments of Sappho's poetry, Plato's comment in the *Symposium* that the existence of lesbians, like that of male homosexuals, was to be explained naturally, as part of bisexual creation, and Plutarch's remark that " at Sparta love was held in such honor that even the most respectable women became infatuated with girls."

If the definition of bisexuality is broadened beyond "sexual desire for the same sex" to include nonsexual identification with the opposite sex, the phenomenon of cross-dressing also becomes a matter of historical interest. Philip Slater (in *The Glory of Hera*) describes "the prevalence, in puberty initiations and other *rites de passage*, of exchange of clothes between the sexes." Among such *rites* was the nuptial ceremony. In both Greek myths and practice we find cross-dressing associated with the wedding night, with a desire, perhaps, to ensure potency. At Argos brides donned false beards on the wedding night; in Sparta the bride's head was shaved and she put on men's clothing; at Cos the procedure was reversed: the husband put on women's clothing to receive his bride.

The Greeks, as Rattray Taylor puts it, "were deeply preoccupied with understanding the experiences of the other sex." The story of Teresias—the male seer who spent seven years as a woman—is merely the best-known of many legends depicting men and women who changed sex during the course of their lives. The Greek deities also numbered several bisexual or androgynous figures, the most famous being Hermaphroditos.

In Rome, too, cross-dressing was a familiar practice. Will Durant (in *Caesar and Christ*) describes the sons of the rich in the 1st century B.C. who "dressed and

walked like courtesans, wore frilled robes and women's sandals, decked themselves with jewelry, sprinkled themselves with perfume, deferred marriage or avoided parentage, and emulated the bisexual impartiality of the Greeks." (Alas for the pansexual swingers of Le Jardin and Max's, for David Bowie and Alice Cooper, for all those pioneers of the new who, in thinking that they are inventing a world, may be merely representing another shift in an age-old cycle—a shift so long delayed, this last time around, that those applying weight to the edge are perhaps entitled to their claims of originality.)

Otto Kiefer, in his book *Sexual Life in Ancient Rome*, comments that "everything relating to sex was regarded as completely natural, and was approached far more simply and innocently than it is now." The comment is suspiciously sweeping and bland, but Kiefer does draw the needed contrast between the acceptance of diverse sexuality in the ancient world and the repression of it—even of the inner wish for it—in the Christian era that followed, and continues to linger.

By the time of Leviticus, homosexuality had come to be associated with heresy and was made (for males) a capital offense. (It was disapproved for females, too, but penalties were affixed only later.) As Rattray Taylor summarizes the evidence: "a remarkable psychological change" emerged as early as 500 B.C., marked by an increased repression of sexuality and a heightened sense of guilt. The growing homophobia of the Hebraic view eventually overpowered the bisexual ambiance of the Greek and Roman periods.

This is not to say that the Christianized West came merely to exemplify sexual repression; the bawdiness of Chaucer's poetry is alone enough to remind us that official disapproval failed to persuade humanity against the pleasures of the sensual life. But the disapproval was fierce, obsessional—as exemplified in the "penitential books" and in the ferocious punishments ordained during the Inquisition. (Its official handbook, the *Malleus Malleficarum* explicitly stated that "all witchcraft comes from carnal lust.") And the triumph of Christianity did mark, in Karlen's phrase, "the West's full transformation from a shame culture to a guilt culture, in which prohibitions are fully internalized and man is ruled by conscience rather than by others' disapproval."

It hardly needs demonstrating that the guilt, the internalization of sexual prohibitions, remains very much a part of our culture—despite the hopeful signs of a countermovement. Both the continuing repression and the dawning liberation from it are exemplified in a recent controversy in one of our specialized papers, *The Chronicle of Higher Education*. Back in February of this year, the *Chronicle* printed an article by English Professor Louie Crew in which he described his sense of heightened freedom and joy since de-closeting himself as a gay person. Two months later the *Chronicle* printed the outraged response of Albert J. Maier, Comptroller of Marquette University in Milwaukee. Maier, in the thunderous tones of the *Malleus*, denounced the publication of Crew's article as "a blunder of unforgivable magnitude . . . a sign of the general moral decadence." Maier went on to characterize homosexuality as "one of the most vile blasphemies against God," and then, with the understatement of a papal bull, warned Louie Crew that "someday he will be called upon to give an accounting of the stewardship entrusted to him by our Creator." Maier left no doubt as to the Lord's verdict: "a one-way ticket to hell."

The ravings of an isolated nut? Not when a recent poll reveals that 85 percent (I can't put my hand on the clipping; the figure was perhaps a little higher) of the country disapproves of homosexuals teaching at any level of our school system, and a still higher percentage disapproves of sex between adult members of the same gender even when in private and even within the context of a love relationship. I have no poll to back my hunch that at this particular moment in time there is still less acceptance of bisexuality than of homosexuality. But I do have a personal anecdote.

Faced with crosscurrents of adulation and contempt, it is not surprising that bisexuals sometimes exhibit an incipient chauvinism of their own

In the summer of 1972, an evening of my one act plays was being performed at the John Drew Theater in East Hampton. During rehearsals, I stayed in the home of a couple well known in New York for their philanthropic activities and their liberal attitudes. Though we'd known each other a long time, I'd never discussed my sex or love life with "Joan" and "Don"; it was clear they knew I was gay and equally clear they didn't want to talk about it. I was in love at the time with a bisexual man whom I'd been seeing about a year. He wanted to come out to East Hampton for opening night, and I very much wanted him to. I asked Joan if it was all right if "Bob" stayed overnight. (I should add that they lived in a 30-room mansion, lest the false issue of overcrowding arise in anyone's mind.) Initially Joan said "yes," but on the morning of opening night, with Bob on his way out to East Hampton, she told me that Don had called from Manhattan to say "it might be better" if Bob went to a hotel.

I told Joan I couldn't let it go at that, and wanted to talk things out. She made some reference to their teenage sons—a vague hint of possible seduction, an explicit avowal that she and Don believed the "wrong" influences at a critical juncture could turn youngsters down the "wrong" path. Stupefied more than angry, and still afflicted with "old gay" apologetics, I volunteered the information that Bob had never before been involved with a man, that his earlier love affairs had been with women, that he was—well, bisexual. "Oh my God!" Joan blurted out, "that's *much* worse. Don has trouble enough accepting someone who's homosexual, but someone who crosses back and forth—!!"

Those dangling exclamation points say a lot about "liberal" sexual attitudes in this country. (Not to withhold the punchline: Bob came to East Hampton; we stayed in a motel; the friendship with Joan and Don is ruptured.) It's easier, I believe, for exclusive heterosexuals to tolerate (and that's the word) exclusive homosexuals than those who, rejecting exclusivity, sleep with people not genders. It's easier because in the Cartesian West we've long been taught to think in either/or categories, to believe that one is male *or* female, boss *or* worker, teacher *or* student, child *or* adult, gay *or* straight. To suggest, as practising bisexuals do, that each of us may contain within ourselves all those supposed diametric opposites we've been taught to divide humanity into is to suggest that we might not know ourselves as well as we like to pretend. It's to suggest, too, that the roles through which most of us define ourselves—"Me, Tarzan"; "Me, Jane"—represent transient and even foolish social values.

Such suggestions are discomforting. Few people welcome discomfort. And that includes most gay people. In the 18 months or so that I've been active in "movement" politics I've heard considerable disparagement among exclusively homosexual people of the "confusion" and "cowardice" of their bisexual brothers and sisters. Gay people, struggling to ac-

Socrates taking hemlock: historians doubt that the relationship he enjoyed with his pupils was confined to the Victorian roles of Inspirer and Listener.

cept their self-worth, do not like hearing that once one mountain's been scaled, another may lie directly ahead.

Bisexuals, in short, seem at the moment very much between the devil and the deep blue sea. And in their struggle for the right to their own lifestyle, there isn't much legitimizing comfort to be drawn from the blurred data of the social sciences. Biology, as I've tried to argue, is neutral on the subject. History and anthropology do provide considerable evidence of the widespread incidence of bisexuality through time and across cultures; but it also provides evidence that most people have been predominantly heterosexual.

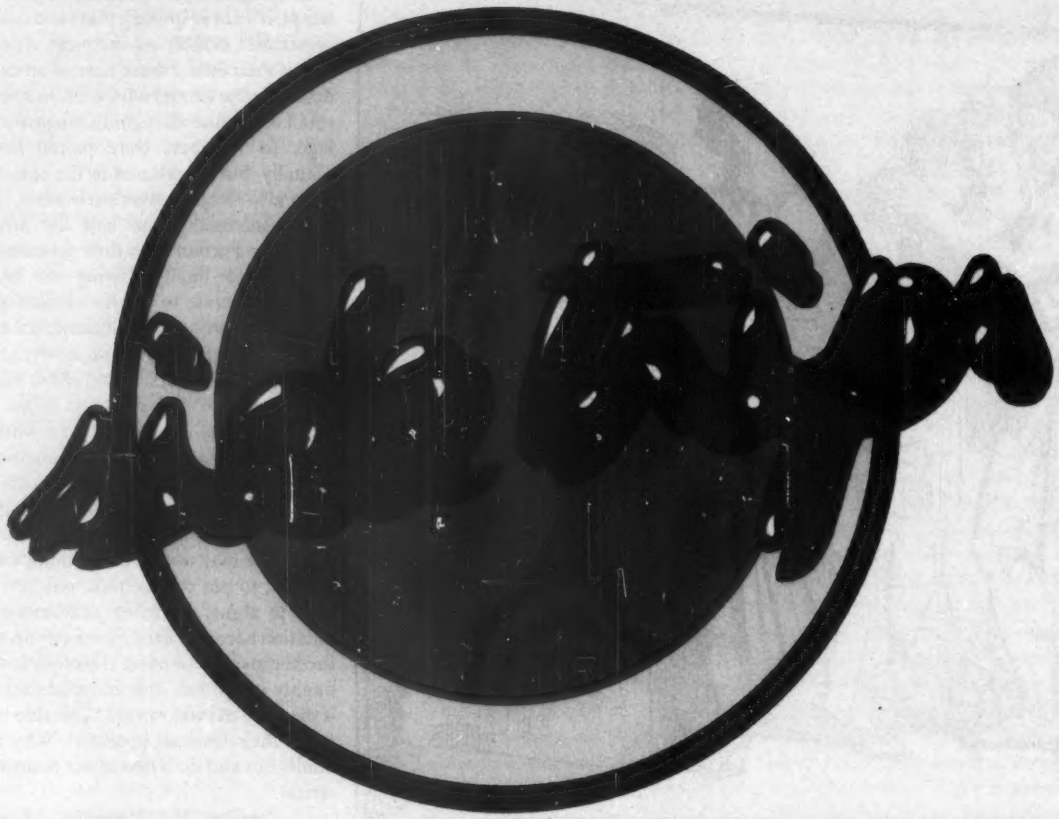
The safest conclusion to be drawn from these assorted arguments seems to be that human beings will behave sexually as their culture tells them they should behave—and both the social cues and the behavior have varied wildly through time. *Why* societies have differed so radically in their programming is almost as mysterious as why people have almost always accepted that parochial programming as the equivalent of universal truth. I don't mean that answers to these conundrums are impossible to come by—Freudians, Marxists, Feminists and others have all had their say—but only that the answers to date seem partial and polemical. At any rate, as any good utopian knows, evidence from the past—what has been—is no necessary guide to the future—what might be. Even if it can be conclusively demonstrated that sexual dimorphism has been the dominant pattern in history, that does not mean it will or should remain so. Not, that is, unless the argument from biology clarifies and consolidates. Even then, there would be many who would oppose biological determinism—in the name of the continuing evolution of the species, and conscious that in the evolutionary process deliberate human intervention—building cities, inventing a flying machine—has always been salient. Besides, as psychologist Pamela Oline has put it, "What if more *were* known about connections between body chemistry and certain predispositions? Would that knowledge tell us automatically how to behave?"

As regards our own country, it seems beyond dispute that bisexuality is currently more visible and assertive than at any previous time. And in tight little circles within tight little islands like Manhattan, bisexuals are even being hailed as the exemplars of a brave new world. Faced with crosscurrents of adulation and contempt, it's not surprising that bisexuals can sometimes exhibit an incipient chauvinism of their own. I think here of an ex-student of mine (male) who went to live in a small commune after graduating from college. Its members were paired heterosexually, but the women in the commune were also sleeping with each other. They began increasingly to bait the men as "hung-up Puritans" for their reluctance to do likewise—finally driving the man I knew, desperate to get his credentials in the counterculture, to a homosexual experience that was entirely unsatisfying and has kept him, to date, from further experimentation. "Well," someone might say, "that's the way it has to be for a while, as we try out, often disastrously, possibilities that in the long run will prove enriching." Okay, but the long run is a difficult hike to get started on, and pointing a gun in someone's face may not be the optimal way to get him to put on his track suit. It's possible to argue, moreover, that sexual orientation becomes fixed at so early an age—the homo- or heterosexual pattern so thoroughly imprinted—that most adults, even if they had the will, would be unable to activate their bisexual potential. Why *some* adults can and do is one of the many mysteries.

Besides, the long run, if we're lucky, will allow for more not less diversity; we don't want to exchange one set of harnesses for another—not, that is, if we believe the rhetoric many of us are currently spouting about the mysterious specialness of every human creature. I myself feel that the future will see many more people relating bisexually—at least in the minimal sense that some day, and perhaps within another generation, most people will more or less regularly enjoy the pleasures of having sex with someone of their own (or opposite) gender, even though they may still prefer their "core" relationship to be heterosexual (or homosexual).

But the words D.H. Lawrence wrote 50 years ago probably have more value than any prediction—and they are certainly more humane than some of the current ones we're hearing:

"That I am I.
That my soul is a dark forest.
That my known self will never be more than a little clearing in the forest.
That gods, strange gods, come forth from the forest into the clearing of my known self, and then go back.
That I must have the courage to let them come and go.
That I will never let mankind put anything over me, but that I will try always to recognize and submit to the gods in me and the gods in other men and women." ●



Goldwater for the defense

Phoenix, Ariz.—It's still morning on this mid-May Friday, but already the desert heat is blistering as I drive the winding road up the hill, past the chain-link fence and the guardhouse to the sprawling home of Senator Barry Goldwater. The summit is marked by the huge ham radio antennae and a flagpole which automatically raises the flag at sunrise and lowers it at sunset. When the Senator is in residence, the flags stay up, spotlighted at night. On the doormat are the words "Be-Nun-I-Kin," Navaho for "house on a hill." Goldwater's an Indian nut. His house is a virtual museum of painting and sculpture depicting noble savage scenes from the Old West.

The living room is filled with reporters, cameramen, television cameras, bright lights and tape recorders. When everyone is ready, the tall, white-haired Senator with the familiar horn-rimmed glasses enters the room. He has obviously mellowed in the last ten years.

For the next hour, he answers patiently the same questions he's been hearing for months. Will he call for Nixon's resignation? Should Nixon be impeached? Goldwater treats these local reporters with kid gloves. After all, he is up for reelection this year. But to the national columnists, the Eastern press, he is openly hostile. Someone asks him about a column by Joseph Kraft claiming Goldwater had come to believe Nixon was deeply involved in Watergate. "It's the usual inane inaccuracy of Joseph Kraft," Goldwater snaps.

Repeatedly, Goldwater says he's seen nothing that would cause him to call for the President's resignation. He is asked what conditions might cause him to make that request. The Senator is irritated by the implication that he, someday, must do so. "A bunch of very liberal columnists decided all of a sudden Goldwater looks like a patsy," he says, "and we're gonna blow him up a bit and put cream on his head and he'll become our new Little Boy Friday. And then we'll suggest that he ask the President to resign and he'll go right in there an' do it. Well, hell, I know more about the way they do things than they do and I'm not about to be suckered into it."

Later, with the television lights and cameras gone, we sit quietly in his den and Goldwater says he doesn't even think Nixon will be impeached. If investigators and committees haven't found enough to do it in a year and a half, he argues, they're not going to find anything. Because of that, he thinks Nixon is right in refusing any more tapes to the committees.

"Ol' Ted Agnew told me what to do with those tapes and I agreed with him. He said they ought to burn every damn one of them. They didn't belong to anybody."

Goldwater's conversational style is laced with mild expletives. The ones deleted from the Presidential transcripts didn't bother him. But asked for his reaction to the overall tone of the document, his voice rises in anger and his hand slaps the desk top.

"Why didn't we read someplace—*blap*—in there that the President—*blap*—hit the table with his fist and, regardless of the language used, said, 'This—*blap*—is going—*blap*—to stop—*blap*—and stop—*blap*—right—*blap*—now—*blap*.' I think that was the thing that's come out of the tapes that bothers Americans, that there was this constant maneuvering to try and save a little what'll-we-do-next type of thing."

In spite of disagreements with President Nixon on the handling of Watergate, Vietnam and government spending, Goldwater is The Complete Republican Loyalist. A young reporter had asked him today if it wasn't often difficult to stand up for Richard Nixon.

Goldwater replied with a small smile, "It ain't easy . . . you go out to a political meeting and someone will say, 'How much tax did you pay last year?' and that makes y'stop and think, 'My God, I payed a hell of a lot of taxes but the President didn't.' It's not easy to defend this man. But he is my President, he's *our* President and to get rid of him through any other means than impeachment . . . would be wrong."

The interview over, we walk slowly to the front door. The 65-year-old Senator is troubled by a flare-up of an old knee injury. Earlier, he had refused my offer of help as he hobbled down off a rock ledge by his front door. "I can make it. I just have to be careful I don't fall on my ass."

—By Bruce Taylor

Getting picked up In Men's Colognes

New York City, N.Y.—Bloomingdales, on N.Y.'s Upper East Side, has long been known for its sumptuous, hyper-chic merchandise. But lately, this consumers' pleasure dome has added a new dimension to its reputation. It has come to be regarded as *the* pick-up mecca for the City's swinging, unattached elite. Indeed, the pickins at Bloomingdales are rumored to be even choicer than those at the much-vaunted singles bars.

"Pick-up mecca?"

The Cardin-suited store executive wrinkled his ample nose at this distasteful phrase. "Pick-up mecca?" He said it again, meditatively. Then he theorized that "this erroneous impression" was probably due to "the fact that 'Bloomingdales People' are a very out- going, gay, gregarious lot who will often speak to each other even if they are strangers. It's all quite innocent, mostly."

A salesgirl in gourmet, however, said that one reason she liked working there was that it made her feel "like a bit player in the Satyricon."

On Saturdays in particular, the store does seem to be part of some vast, Fellini-esque production. The aisles are clogged with people who seem almost vengefully groovy. They are the sort of people who would rather lose an arm than be seen leaving Sears.

And their costumery is seldom less than baroque. At the moment, many men favor high-heeled, broad-brimmed, electric blue, neo-pimp flash. And big with the women now is the funky-contessa look (denim plus Gucci accessories). There are countless mutations though. One also sees swarms of John Shafts, battalions of Joni Mitchells, regiments of pale Ophelias, phalanxes of no-nonsense Camel filters men, menacing hoardes of On the Waterfront Brandos, mincing Armies of Alice Coopers, brigades of Carly Simons . . . It is not clothing as art. It is clothing as communication.

To further the surreality of the scene, the laws of normal human interaction are suspended. Here one is not subjected to the typical N.Y. glance and growl. Instead, one is the object (regardless of sex) of a witheringly penetrating gaze. One is instantaneously deciphered. Down to the very Bloomingdales of one's soul! First age is computed. Then ensemble is gauged. Then points are given or subtracted for hair length, build, facial bone structure and the like. Then one's hobbies are guessed at. Is it boys? girls? bondage? discipline? Hong Kong basket jobs? . . . If you pass preliminary inspection you may cadge a tiny smile or even a big leer.

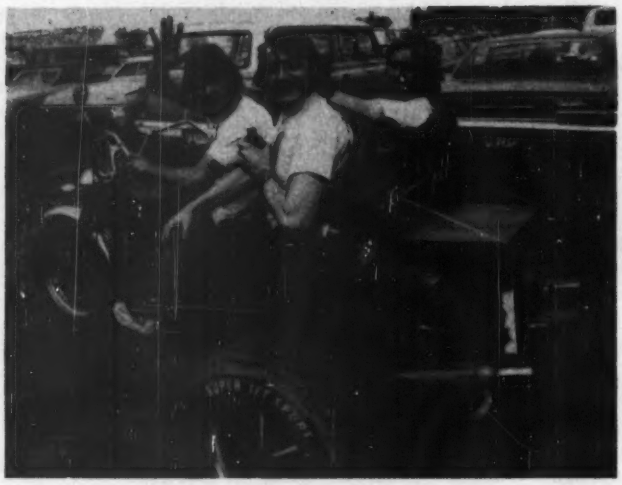
The salesgirl at the Eve Arden cosmetics counter told me that "there's really a wild pick-up scene here. But," she added somberly, "it's mostly gay. What isn't nowadays?" For an even wilder scene, she suggested a visit to men's colognes, which turned out to be a fairly discreet bac-chanal. That is, primarily an orgy of inviting looks and whispered phone numbers. The gay pick-up scene, at least, is not myth.

And does heterosexuality ever raise its ugly, embattled head? In housewares I stopped a stunning, thirtyish blond woman. She had on faded jeans and a mink coat. Pushed far back on her head was a goofy fur sombrero. Asked if she had been approached recently she said brightly, "I always am." Did she ever go out with a "Bloomingdales Man"? "Always, but I always go to public places with them. Like bars, theaters, concerts, etc. If after three dates I discover they're nice, you know not *nut-cases*, well then . . ." Eloquently, she turned her palms upward. "It's very hard to meet decent people in N.Y." Your interviewer was getting one of those old "erroneous impressions." Would she like to go with me this very second to the reading room of the N.Y. Public Library to discuss the Cavalier Poets? "Why don't we go to the trotters instead, cheapskate?" Definitely out of my league.

In furniture I stopped an obvious stud type. He was dressed in a cream colored suede outfit with a contrasting cashmere turtleneck. He reeked of Aramis and slung around his neck was about $600 worth of camera equipment. I asked him if he was a photographer and he said no, he was in the banking business. I asked him if he ever told women that he was a photographer and he winked in a comradely fashion. I asked him what sort of women did he usually meet at Bloomingdales and he said, "They're vain. Very vain. Most of them don't give a shit about anything but externals . . . And very often they're shallow." The Aramis, mixed with the irony, began to overcome me. If the girls are so repellent, I wondered, then why did he bother to come? He dug an elbow into my ribs. "To get laid, man. It's better than the bars. There's no cover or minimum here."

—By Jack Friedman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON



The Indy Nation

At the 500, the real race is the land rush of campers and El Caminos trying to lay claim to a choice spot along the infield track

By Paul Hendrickson

"Hell, I even saw Billy Arnold get killed . . . ."
—A jeweler in downtown Indianapolis

It is Friday afternoon, two days before the "500," and already the world's largest carnival is running at full tilt. Somebody is passing out handbills for a strip show headlined by Miss Velvet Blaze, the "41-22-36 tigress who leaves you breathless." Somebody else is hawking checkered-flag earrings and souvenir marriage licenses. He later says his name is Ray Wilsack, from Rhode Island, and that he comes to town every May with a station wagon full of trinkets. When you ask how he does it, he looks offended and says: "Hey Mac, does Macy tell Gimbel?"

The ticket hustlers are working the main gate. Toefoot from Atlanta, Uncle Charlie from Cincinnati, Tommie the Turtle and a half dozen others who are known as the best in the business are scalping for as much as $50 over face value. That's peanuts, says Uncle Charlie, who talks faster than a tobacco auctioneer and has bad breath. He also has a $3,000 roll of bills in his pocket.

"At the Derby in Louisville three weeks ago, I worked out of a suite of rooms in an Executive Inn. Had a $400 suit of clothes on my back. Them ol' fat cats was pullin' up in limousines and droppin' $1,700 for a box seat. That's the sweetest hustle there is. That and college football. Or maybe an Elvis concert. I've worked 'em all—including the Munich Olympics in '72. I'm 40 years old and been at it since I was 15. Book people in New York are tryin' to get me to do my life story. But I ain't ready yet. My wife teaches English and I don't wanna, well, socially embarrass anybody. I got deep religious convictions."

By now, Charlie is jabbing a bony, milky forefinger into his listener's shoulder blade and running on like a man half-mad. When you ask where he gets his tickets, he jerks a thumb over his right shoulder, in the direction of the gate, and says: "From inside, where else? You show me somebody who works in a ticket office and I'll show you a thief." Then he talks about the Indy hustle.

"It's probably unique in sports. All you got to do is go down to the city hall and get a $10 vendor's license. If you're a veteran, they give it to you free. Then you can stand out here and hustle all day long, and the heat won't bust you. They just come by and bitch a little. Here comes a plainclothes heat now. You can spot 'em ever' time. They got white socks on up to their ass and their hair all cut off—like they was in the American Legion or something."

Nobody in American Legion Post 500 across the street fits that description, but Jack Sullivan, 60, tattooed and baggy-eyed, hunched over a whiskey at the end of the bar, is at least willing to talk about the so-called typical Indy fan. "Yeah, I guess maybe this is the 'Woodstock of Middle America' if that's what you want to call it. They come honkin' in here in their Winnebagos and El Camino pickups and converted Greyhounds from Oregon and Florida and 'bout everywhere else. They got STP patches on their jackets and KOA stickers on their windshields. Before it's over Sunday, there'll be more than 300,000 of 'em here. Half of 'em camp out in the fields and spend the whole time barbecuin'. The race is not the reason for comin'; it's the excuse."

He is right. The more you wander up and down the ragged rows of vehicles in the field off Georgetown Road, kicking among beer cans and chicken bones and an occasional spent prophylactic, the more you begin to sense a community of people who have come together in search of a lost weekend. Who are they? Andrew Jackson once called their forebears the "bone and sinew of the country." Writer Peter Schrag calls them the "Forgotten Americans." They are the ones who live "out there" somewhere between Harlem and Holly-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNOLD ZANN

Paul Hendrickson, formerly a Detroit free-lance writer, last reported for NEW TIMES *on the Grand Ole Opry.*

wood, between Westchester and Watts. The ones who normally stand for hard work, order, authority, self-reliance. In short, they are the white Americans of the frustrated, tedious middle—and the Indy 500 is their one moment of escape. Their annual pageant is tribal and celebratory; only, in this case, the rites are not drugs and music. No, the rites have to do with the flush of glory, the busted dream, the cult of the Champion, the specter of Death and sometimes fellowship and love. If one had to pick a metaphor for the forces that drive America, one could do worse than Memorial Day in Indianapolis.

Sullivan, who before this day is up will work 18 hours behind the bar, says he's not much interested himself in the event anymore. For one thing, the cars go too fast. "I tried qualifyin' for the thing once. It was back in '46, just after Captain Eddie Rickenbacker had sold the track to Tony Hulman, and guys like Wilbur Shaw were still around. We thought Shaw was the fastest thing on earth, 'cause he had turned 115 miles per hour in his Maserati six years earlier. I had a $5,000 roadster that I used to race at county fairgrounds. It cost me $125 to enter it in the qualifications. Nowadays, these machines cost upwards of $200,000 and you got to put up another $1,000 to try to qualify. Sometimes I wonder how these boys are gonna end up. . . ."

In Gasoline Alley, where the drivers are drawn to their racers like moths to flame, there is little time on this muggy afternoon for wondering. Here, amid whirring fans and blaring transistors, amid the soft pop of Budweiser cans being opened and the harsh ring of wrenches being dropped on concrete floors, the 33 high priests of speed are working out last-minute bugs.

"The lines are always the same," the counter girl says, "like, 'Hey, baby, let me stick my dipstick into your engine'"

There is a smell back here in the garages that is as palpable as the tension. It is an odd, acrid smell—as if you had mixed kerosene with cleaning fluid and then threw in burning rubber for good measure. As one sportswriter has said, there is something scary about it—like when you were a kid and burned out the transformer on your Lionel train. When you ask people about it, they shrug and say simply that it's the smell of auto racing. A few, with rueful smiles, add that it's nothing like the noise you'll hear on Sunday when they come down the straightaway at nearly 200 miles per hour; then you'll get a metallic taste in your mouth that won't go away.

A.J. Foyt, three-time winner at Indy and the man they call Super-Tex, is chewing gum like some cool, cosmic cowboy and talking to his dad, who is the chief mechanic on his son's crew. A few doors away, Gordon Johncock, in a red nylon jacket and gold-rimmed Cool-Ray Polaroid sunglasses, is glowing to reporters. He won last year—shortly after he had declared bankruptcy. Salt Walther, the cocky, 26-year-old who was nearly burned alive in a pileup after the first lap last year, is signing autographs; he wears a black glove on what looks like a withered hand.

There is one garage getting almost no attention at all. Inside it, three men work feverishly over car #56, a long, low racer with "Miller High Life" painted on its white fiberglass cowl. One of the men is a sad-faced little Japanese with a Valvoline baseball cap pulled over his ears. Another leans in from a wheelchair. The third is paunchy and crew-cutted. His face is badly burned, part of his nose cut off. But it is his hands that are riveting. They are almost not there. The fingers are but

puffy, grey nubs.

The man turns out to be Jim "Herk" Hurtubise, who has been driving 23 years and is getting set for his tenth Indy. He refuses to stop and talk, and instead wheels off in a beat-up green van, muttering as he goes, "I've been here three weeks—where've you been?" Afterwards, the Japanese, whose name is Hank Higuchi and who is the chief mechanic on the crew, tries to fill in.

"Yeah, well, Herk gets a little upset sometimes when he sees how good these other drivers got it. Some of 'em are worth millions. They got tire and spark plug companies behind 'em and get $25,000 just for showin' up. Herk does his own P.R., finds his own sponsor and does all of his own mechanics. When we come to the race, we stay at some rinky-dink, 50-year-old motel. We just sleep and eat, then come out to the track."

Higuchi, who is 55 and runs a gas station in southern California when he's not helping Hurtubise, says this is his last 500. "I got high blood pressure now. Up till this year, just bein' here as a part of the show was enough. That's what keeps Herk goin' year after year, I guess—bein' a part of the show. It's important for a man to feel he's part of something really big in life, ain't it? There's nothin' bigger than Indy. I guess you gotta hand it to the guy, bein' able to support his family all these years, the way he's handicapped and all."

The mechanic says he's never asked Hurtubise about his accident. "You just don't do that. I don't even know if he's got feeling in his fingers. Maybe it's like you was holding ice cubes or something for a real long time, I dunno. It happened in Milwaukee in the early '60s. He was fightin' Foyt and Rodger Ward for the lead when he flipped and caught fire. They shipped him out to an army burn hospital in Texas. The way I got it was that he begged the doctor down there to leave knobs on his hands instead of just cuttin' them off altogether.

"Maybe the Lord'll give us a break this time. Seems every Indy it's a broken connecting rod or a burned piston. I know one thing: Herk'll be drivin' with his balls hangin' out Sunday, just like every other year. That's what he's got left now."

That night, on the other side of town, during a United States Auto Club sprint race at the Indiana State Fairgrounds, Rodger Ward agrees. Just as old soldiers must get together to relive Midway and Saipan, so, too, the former 500 winners always find a way to get back to Indiana in May. You find them knocking around down at the garages, attending banquets, riding in parades. Ward, a two-time Indy champion ('59 and '62), is now a silver-haired, 53-year-old businessman (retail tires) living in Los Angeles. He has lost several fortunes, he says, because "there's no scholarship to college for kids who know how to drive recklessly." He, like most others in his profession, dropped out of high school before finishing.

"There is no other athlete quite like the race-car driver. He is the classic common man. It doesn't matter how much money he makes—he's still of the working class, somehow. That's why it's so easy for the fans to identify with him. It's themselves they see out there driving. Look at the people who come to this race—then look at us. If a kid's 9-foot tall and has no arms, somebody's still gonna give him a basketball scholarship and, in the end, he's gonna come out sounding halfway intelligent. Not the race-car driver. He has no benefit of the normal educational processes. People like Hurtubise stay in it because, let's face it, it's the only way they can keep making 30 to 40 grand a year.

"In his prime, A.J. Foyt was the greatest driver racing's ever known. But he's 39 now and fading. Herk? He's 41. To tell it straight, he always was in a little over his head—and that time in Milwaukee when he got it is no exception. But nobody has ever been braver. He won a race once in Sacramento after he spun out. Who the hell spins out and still wins a race, for

S/P

crissakes? The guy's gotta be one of my favorite people. But in the end, racing cars is like shooting craps: sooner or later, your roll comes up craps. . . ."

Saturday. They are here by the hordes now, thousands of camper trailers having pulled in during the night. There are hundreds of tent-campers, too, most of them young people in college taking a weekend off before final exams. To keep warm, they have stolen wooden skids from a nearby A&P and Coca-Cola plant and kept roaring bonfires going through the night. That, added to the searchlights and police sirens, has made the whole place seem like a city under siege.

By noon, the counter girl at a White Castle hamburger stand down the street looks as grey as the little wads of meat she mechanically slides between the soggy buns stacked in front of her. She held up last Memorial Day weekend, she says—but doesn't know how. "The lines are always the same," she says. "Like, 'Hey, baby, let me sink my dipstick into your engine.' Or, 'Why dontcha come over to our camper tonight, honey—sleeps 4, lays 6.' "

Clarence Kratzer, balding and fat, in a sweat-creased T-shirt and aqua slacks, has a few good lines of his own. Right now, he is drinking Piels Real Draft and jabbing a cooking fork into four outsized steaks sizzling on a portable grill behind his camper. Kratzer is from Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania, and drives a Kenworth diesel to Detroit for a living. He has brought along with him this weekend three cronies who are also in the trucking business. When you ask where their wives are, Kratzer, with a dripping piece of meat hanging in midair from his fork, snaps: "Do ya take a sandwich to a banquet?" Then he erupts into a belly laugh. When he has gotten over the joke, he says: "Wait'll it gets dark. Then I'll be showin' these young heifers around here how much money I got on me. Hell, we're just havin' a good time. We don't mean nothin' by it."

A few rows over, Bill Graham ("just like the preacher—only not as rich") is having a good time, too—even though he's brought along his wife, Terry. Graham is from Marysville, Ohio, where he rebuilds transmissions. Weekends, he goes out to the local National Guard firing range with his twin brother. For 14 years he has been coming to Indy, along with several other Marysville couples. They camp in exactly the same spot every year. At 5 a.m. on race day, they join the Oklahoma land rush to get a choice spot in the infield; that's when the real race takes place, they say.

"When that cannon goes off tomorrow morning, we'll be hittin' 70-per, one foot on the brake, the other on the gas, just 6 inches from the bumper of the guy in front of us. We'll get in there and stake out a choice spot along the fence. That's the best place for action. Why, last year I heard they even had whores workin' outta campers in there before the cops got to 'em. We'll rustle up some eggs, clean up and be ready for the starting gun at 11 a.m. By 8:30 tomorrow night, we'll be back home so we can watch it all on TV."

When you ask why they do it like this every year, Graham runs a finger along the brim of his battered blue fishing hat, scuffs at the dirt with his plain-toe military oxfords and says: "Well, hell, it just wouldn't be Memorial Day if we didn't." He doesn't have to say any more because just then a bearded youth, thoroughly drunk, climbs atop a nearby van and proceeds to moon everyone below. With a little "hot-diggety!" Graham slaps his knee and bellows to a friend starting to doze off: "Hey Barney, wake up. We got a moonshot over here. . . ."

The rites have to do with the flush of glory, the busted dream, the cult of the champion, the specter of death

It goes like that through the day and night. Only by sheer luck do you hear a counterstrain. It comes later that evening, a few miles away, at a minor-league baseball stadium where the Indianapolis Indians are battling the Iowa Oaks. You have ducked into this trim little park, with its blinking beer signs and soft lights, to escape the welter of confusion outside. During the seventh-inning stretch, John Cornwell—in his late 20s, spectacled, soft-spoken, wearing pistol-legged blue jeans and a pink shirt he must have saved from his high-school prom—says with a sad little shake of his head that he won't be going tomorrow.

"No, Swede Savage's death last year was enough for me. Two days before, I had been sitting next to him in the stands, talking as if he were my brother. Then I saw him come out of the fourth turn, hit the wall and explode. It's funny: every year at the start of the race, I'd always get this feeling of regret and guilt—like maybe when you stand around at an auto wreck on the highway. But then after the first lap, everything would be all right and I'd be glad I was there. But now, I don't want to be near the place."

Cornwell, who comes from a little town downstate, says he grew up in the '50s like every other kid in southern Indiana: crazy for cars. "I read a book when I was about eight called *500 Miles to Go.* Not long afterwards, I saw Foyt win a sprint race at Salem Speedway. That hooked me. I saw some bad stuff—like Merle Bettenhausen's arm getting torn off. But then he came right back with an artificial limb and started racing again. I guess you can only take so much before it starts to rot inside. I'm just hoping against hope nobody gets it tomorrow."

Nobody does. It is the safest, best-managed 500 in years—a thankful, far cry from last year's spectacle of death and agonizing delays. The worst injury on the track is a cut foot. The weather is nearly perfect. The crowds are almost attentive—even those who inhabit the infamous "Snake Pit" down at the bottom of the first turn. And the winner—36-year-old Johnny Rutherford from Fort Worth, Texas, who drives a bright orange McLaren-Offenhauser—makes a Cinderella bid from all the way back in the ninth row. The sportswriters say that not since Louis Meyer drove his "Ring-Free Special" from position 28 in 1936 has there been such a stirring victory. At the finish only 12 cars are running. The highly favored Foyt, who holds the pole position and the lead for half the race, blows his engine on lap 139. Well-known drivers like Mario Andretti, Wally Dallenbach and Mike Mosley are all sidelined before the race is a half-hour old.

And Herk? He lasts 31 laps before a burnt valve knocks him out. His final position is 25; he wins $14,824.40. Afterwards, standing around in his asbestos jumpsuit, wiping a greasy hand across a smeared and sweaty face, he scribbles autographs for the kids as if he had just come from Victory Lane. For some reason, he is smiling, too. . . .

So the ritual is over once more, and about all that is left are the hot, dry winds of summer that blow across rutted fields and rattle through empty grandstands. Yet for someone whose mind is now far from Indianapolis, there is a picture that lingers. It is of a youth sitting shirtless and expressionless atop his car on Sunday afternoon, while all around him older people are packing up and pulling their campers into endless traffic lines. When you ask why he is in no hurry to leave, Keith Scott, a tangle-haired and thoughtful sophomore at Kent State University, says softly: "Because I won't be back next year. I came looking for a high like all the other kids, all the greasers. I found it, but it's almost as if it didn't belong to me." ●

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Porn comes to Cannes

By Marcia Bronstein

Après *Deep Throat*, le déluge. . . . Along the Riviera at this year's Film Festival, sex talked as loudly as money

Twenty-eight years ago, before the first film festival, the prime industry in Cannes was prostitution. Yachts slid into the Old Port at its western end and men slid out to mingle with the hundreds of whores who worked the territory. Elegant gentlemen did business in the stucco and gold hotels that ornament the Cannes waterfront. Their swabs went inland where two-franc women were positioned on streets that curved against them as seductively as whorehouse sofas; money changed hands by the hour. Today, in spite of the crush of films and personalities that has come upon Cannes, it's still a town where hard cash has the most significance. But now, compared to the rich alluring visions on the film festival screens, the bargirls and streetwalkers who continue to haunt the place have become as inconsequential as petit fours set out next to a full-scale *grande bouffe*.

Moving in on the feast this May was the usual assortment of film hawkers and freeloaders that had glutted themselves at previous Cannes festivals. But huddled at their center was a different species of carnivore, one that had only tentatively appeared at Cannes before. They sat together in outdoor cafes looking for all the world like a little bit of Miami Beach plunked down in the middle of the Riviera. They spoke in Lower East Side accents and wore toupees. And they did business with the keen single-mindedness of sharks for whom aesthetics was not to be considered when moving in for the kill.

"Is this normal, what's going on here?" asked Gerry Damiano, director of *Deep Throat*, as he reached for a bottle of wine that had been anchored into the white beach of Cannes' exclusive Hotel Carlton. "I keep running into a lot of what you would consider porno people here. People like myself, in fact. The New York porno people. This is to me not attractive." Attractive or not, the move had been made. Cannes 1974 marked the conclusive arrival of American porn moguls on the virgin fields of international movie-making.

Individual forays had been attempted in the past. In 1972 Sherpix—now disbanded because of a Memphis bust—negotiated the foreign rights of *The Stewardesses* in what was reportedly Cannes' first deal between an American sex-film distributor and a foreign buyer. Last year *Screw* magazine publisher Jim Buckley came to Cannes with his sex-comedy *It Happened in Hollywood*. But this is the year that porn is big business, and this year everybody came.

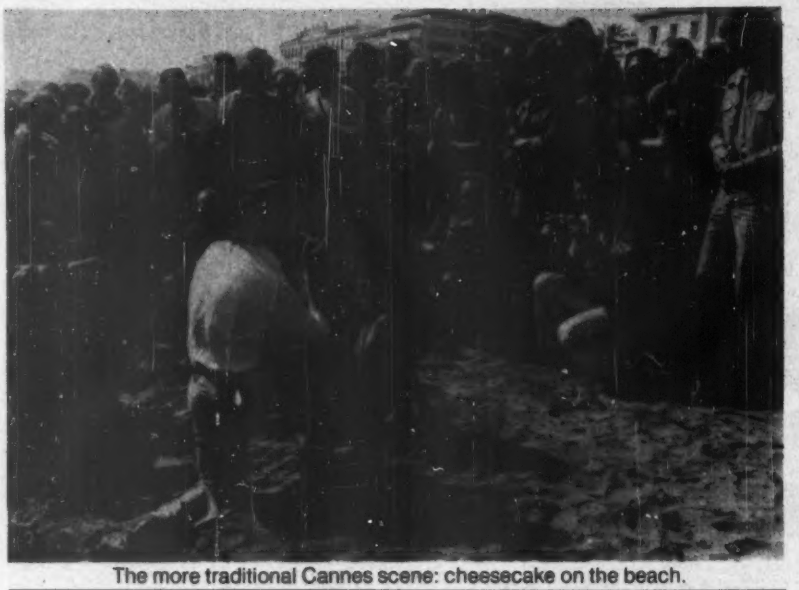
Those who didn't crawl under a rock when they were told their names might be mentioned in print were: Linda Lovelace (*Deep Throat* I and *II*); Alex De Renzy (*History of the Blue Movie*); Joe Middleton (*Illusions of a Lady*); Paul Mart (territorial sex-film distributor, West Coast); Sid Levine (SFG Productions, New York-based film distributor); Teddy Rothstein (SFG; distributor, *Screw*); Alex Beck (middleman, selling foreign rights of American porn films) and Renee Furst (press agent, formerly of Sherpix). Foreign associates not sought by Interpol included: Andre Link (distribution, Canada); George Scott (Belgium); Robert Weismiller (Holland); Jim Haynes (*Wet Dreams*, Holland) and representatives of the ignominious Amsterdam mail-order company, Lasse Braun.

Those with enough pull landed rooms at the Carlton, back to back with the landed gentry of world cinema. Most found over-priced rooms in one or another elaborate beachfront hotel and crossed paths daily with the film personalities that got all the attention. At night they paddled to the nearby casinos of Monte Carlo for some leisurely gambling, and by day they watched their tans deepen with thousands of others into that special apricot and ocher blend that is particular to the Mediterranean. Except for Damiano, they were recognized by few reporters, and an instinct bludgeoned into them during years of busts and anxiety over which of their products would next be judged obscene caused them, on the whole, to shun attention.

They clustered at Cannes for a great variety of reasons. Producers came with the finest in American porn, waited for the trumpets of international acclaim to announce their importance and made foreign distribution deals on the side. Directors came with the hope of disentan-

Marcia Bronstein is an editor and film critic of Bitch.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON



The more traditional Cannes scene: cheesecake on the beach.

gling themselves from the incestuous American porn industry, looked eagerly for foreign backing and saw a lot of films on the side. Speculators poked through miles of low-budget efforts, hoped to bring home R-rated films that might legitimize their extra-legal holdings and sized up a lot of raw tit on the side. But with or without hopes of new respectability, few of them could avoid scrutinizing the many foreign X- and R-rated films that were screened at Cannes. They were titillated not by the prospect of watching just another hump on screen, but by the appealing vision of real money. In porn circles the code words for the kind of product they would have liked to find at Cannes were "another *Deep Throat*!"

Deep Throat, the Frisbee of sex films, was tossed off in 1972 as a joke and ended up a soaring financial success. Originally planned as an 8mm quickie, it cost $28,000 to make and landed $9½ million for everyone involved in its selling. As a result of *Deep Throat*, shabby distributors and promoters became, literally, millionaires and could flatter themselves that they were selling a profoundly fascinating product to voyeuristic America.

Throat's director and conceptualizer, Gerry Damiano, took home $150 a week during its making, and received a severance bonus of $15,000 when he was muscled out of a clearly successful finished product. He then plunged himself into a similarly suicidal arrangement with his next film, *The Devil in Miss Jones*. "When I make a deal," Alex De Renzy, director of an early breakthrough porn film, *History of the Blue Movie*, was heard to say at Cannes, "I'm just sitting across a table, talking with friends. We don't sign anything." Neither had Damiano. No sex-film director or distributor chances the legal hazards of putting too much in print. Like *Throat*, *Devil* made its handlers fatter and its director financially frustrated. By the time its success was affirmed, all the millions in profit were pyramiding into other sex-film efforts, many of them imitations of Damiano's successes. But only *Devil* earned itself some serious critical consideration, and only Damiano was elevated to the status of first porn auteur.

There were those at Cannes who bought R-films for reasons other than profit. A legal product could ward off the law

So it can be said that Damiano was responsible for bringing them all to Cannes. Not that sex films weren't good business before he made them righteous. Not that porn peddlers hadn't tiptoed to Cannes before. But this year nearly every American sex-film industry operative at Cannes owed something directly or indirectly to Damiano's successes. Some—directors—are coasting on the improved reputation he has given pornography. Others are economically affiliated with those who muscled him out of his films. And others actually made a good part of their fortune pushing his films. A few of these sharks at least have the saving grace to grin at it all.

"My name is Tom Parker. I represent the Mafia contingent here at Cannes," said a snaggle-toothed American to me, smiling up from his beach chair with the ease of a man who could afford to be irreverent. Once a rodeo promoter, Parker now works the smut circuit and, like most of his associates, involves himself in the business from a number of angles. "Tom made an X-rated feature a week for five years and kept buying up theaters with money he made along the way," said Peter Locke, director of *It Happened in Hollywood*, which Parker had successfully showcased. Not known for his obsequiousness, Parker once displayed a dildoed bicycle in the lobby of the L.A. theater where he screened the picture, drawing crowds to a movie that was otherwise relatively unpublicized in the United States. "He made it big running *Hollywood* and *Devil in Miss Jones*," Locke went on. "Now he's got money falling out of his pockets and he can't wait to find something to push."

Canny, intelligent and well-respected, Parker made two significant deals at Cannes. First, he got rid of his 130 X-rated featurettes, landing them in the hands of one of America's underworld families. Second, he bought the American distribution rights to a British R-rated sex farce called *Keep It Up, Jack*. Going upon an instinct that in the past must have enabled him to spot a prize bull from a field of Ferdinands, Parker was sure he had picked a success in this "Peter Sellers-type comedy," as he described the film. "If it were a fuck film it would absolutely crock them in the United States," he added wistfully.

While Parker thought the acquisition of an R-rated entertainment film was a potential money maker, there were those at Cannes who looked for R-rated purchases for reasons other than profit. To them, the security of a legal product in their catalog could work as a shield against the law.

"I can't make money off an R-rated film," a long-time loop manufacturer assured me, although he said he wouldn't object if he did. "Compared to my business, they're too expensive to push." Loops—those unsigned, 8mm, haiku poems of subterranean sex that cost about $5 to make and sell in porn stores or through the mail for $35 or more—had made this porn peddler rich and vulnerable (he estimates sales at 20,000 8mm prints a month, at close to $10 apiece); only the purchase of a truly socially redeeming work was going to make him feel secure.

Sitting in his Lower East Side office a week before the festival, lazily watching the paint dry on the new company name that decorated his office door,

the loop manufacturer had discussed why he was going to Cannes. "Just say I represent the company you see on the door. We set it up just to buy an R-rated comedy, and we're prepared to spend $500,000 on more films at Cannes." What kind of features was he looking for? "I'm looking for films that are R or worse," he answered. "Worse" to a man of his orientation means movies like *The Sound of Music*.

Described by an acquaintance as "small-time Mafia," and by his wife as "Meyer the buyer," at Cannes he was, it can be assumed, only following the lead of his big-time brothers, to whom the festival represented a playground of legitimate investment possibilities. During the festival, he could be found ticking off every leering film title as religiously as if his daily program were a race-track tout sheet. But after viewing them all, he concluded they were "a bunch of shit," decided to take his chances and settled $50,000 into a hard-core feature distributed by a German company. His parting analysis of the film he bought was, "It's pretty good, but if they had let me work on it, I could have made it into 'another *Deep Throat*.' "

Blocks away, Damiano himself was hoping to land another *Deep Throat*, but this time he was doing it for himself rather than for those who had exploited him in the past. He brought *Memories Within Miss Aggie*, his latest and best film, to Cannes and had armed himself for success by hiring the able French press agent who had pushed *The Way We Were* a year before and *A Man and a Woman* a decade ago.

"I knew Cannes was in big trouble when *Memories* was the most sought-after film to see," said Damiano modestly, upon concluding his "four days of madness" on the Riviera. But he found it difficult to savor his trip, left early and in a grand, misplaced expression of the bitterness he was never heard to invoke about his own case, said, "Ninety percent of everyone in Cannes is a freeloader."

"The only master in his field" is what Heinrich Sandberg, one of Denmark's biggest dealers, had called Damiano days before, as they formalized a deal which would give the moviemaker 50 percent of Sandberg's returns from the films in Denmark and Sweden, plus a $10,000 bonus. Sandberg's only other purchase at Cannes was *The Sugarland Express*. Damiano also sold *Memories*' Canadian rights, concluded a German deal and interested a French buyer in his film—the first time a Frenchman ventured to crack France's puritanical restrictions on erotica.

Memories was viewed as a genre apart from other sex films at Cannes, and to his surprise Damiano was sought out by a number of people whose work he admired. "One incident made the whole trip worthwhile," he said. "Sergio Leone came to my hotel in person requesting two tickets for *Memories*. I was completely flabbergasted by meeting him." But he remained unmoved by the films he saw at the festival, and said of the porn films: "Like a deck of pornographic playing cards, some images within the films were erotic works of art, individually. Each image by itself, brilliant. But as totalities, as films to make a story, they just didn't hold up."

Neither did the mirage of Cannes. Although at first dazzled by its sheen, Damiano was soon disillusioned with the films, the people and the importance of going there in the first place. "I could have made every deal I found for myself at Cannes in ten minutes over the phone from New York."

Around him, associates that had once been hangers-on made a display of enjoying themselves, concluding small-time deals that were to propel them toward future successes of one kind or another. Damiano—unassuming socially, unwilling to make a display and as cautious as a man expecting an attack of vultures at every turn—was restless and felt out of place at the festival. Caught between his shadier associates and the big-name moguls of international fame who received the recognition he perhaps felt he deserved, he was something of a waif. So he rushed back to the States and plunged immediately into a new film effort which will more properly speak for him. When asked if he would return to Cannes in the future, he replied, "Never." And he was very precise in describing the impression the festival had left with him. "Cannes is like trying to make love on a merry-go-round. First turn around is a trip. After that I just got dizzy." ●

At this year's festival, models served as canvases.

An orange tastes like Anita Bryant singing a TV commercial

Thoughts on turning 25 the same year that television does

By J.J. Dreyer

An orange tastes like Anita Bryant singing a TV commercial.

TV and I celebrated our 25th anniversaries in the same year. On my birthday my wife, the assistant account executive, had Birk's Bakery bake a cake in the shape of a TV. Chocolate icing formed the chassis. Black gumdrops of various sizes served as the knobs. On the screen in confectioner's sugar, Howard Cosell, straight out of the Fruit of the Loom commercial, dressed like the Red Baron, sitting in the cockpit of a biplane against a blue backdrop, sang "Happy Birthday."

From the womb to the tomb I will go child-adolescent-adult suckled and nurtured by antennae. As will my children and their children *ad infinitum* perhaps. But I am the first.

Bobby Hitchens would have been 27 this year. He died when he was 22. His second week in Vietnam. Search and destroy mission. We were friends. And it is possible, just possible, for me to have seen Bobby die with Foster Davis narrating on the Walter Cronkite *Evening News*.

Many people see their friends die: in war, in automobile accidents, in swimming mishaps, in natural disasters, in hospitals, in nursing homes. Now everyone can see them die between spots for STP and H&R Block.

I saw John Kennedy dying when I was 13. Lee Harvey Oswald died on the screen. I watched Arthur Bremer shoot George Wallace five times: twice on ABC, three times on NBC. Recently, I have seen shootouts between police and gunmen in Brooklyn and New Orleans. And two weekends ago I witnessed the SLA-FBI shootout in Los Angeles.

This channel of thought is very depressing.

Dreyer is a writer who lives in Cincinnati.

We affirm the reality of our existence not only through experiencing the present but also through remembering significant experiences of the past.

When I was 5, I appeared on the *Uncle Al Show*, where Captain Wendy led us in the Hokypoky while Uncle Al sang and played the accordion. Just before I turned 21 I received network coverage confronting Chicago's finest at the Democratic National Convention. I can recall every year of my life by recalling a corresponding event on television in which I had either an active or passive role. With cassettes I can keep an audio-visual diary of the rest of my life.

In *Midnight Cowboy*, the incongruous juxtaposition of TV pictures created by rapid channel switching stood as the metaphor for Joe Buck's first sexual encounter in New York. People can relate to that.

Archie Bunker says that there are three important events in a man's life: when he buys a house, when he buys a car and when he buys a color TV.

Another great moment in Archie's life came when a TV crew chose him for a man-in-the-street interview. That evening he was able to watch himself on the Walter Cronkite *Evening News*.

I own two TVs, one a Zenith color, the other a pre-UHF black and white Sylvania. I am partial to the black and white because it reminds me of my father. On Saturday nights he and I used to watch *Beat the Clock*. SYLVANIA was written in big letters on the clock, which counted down to zero while the wife tossed balloons over her seated blindfolded husband's shoulder so that he could kick them at a pin-studded ball suspended above his foot. If he broke one in 40 seconds, they won the prize. My father always knew a better way to do it. I think he wanted to be on the show.

Last summer in New York my wife and I were eating breakfast in a place called Muggs on 1st Avenue. An old man with thin white hair, a short top-shaped torso, grey plaid slacks, button-down white short-sleeved shirt and narrow black tie struck up a conversation with us.

"Say, do you know who I am?"

My wife and I looked at each other quizzically.

"No," I answered.

"Didn't you ever see me before?"

"Apparently not," I replied, somewhat irritated.

"I'm a celebrity. Here," he spoke excitedly and with a great flurry of hand movement produced a smudged envelope with a torn flap and corners dotted with tiny paper balls. From it he took two pictures that looked like photographer's proofs. He appeared in each playing some sort of musical instrument. The other person in the first picture was Dick Cavett. The second picture showed Joey Bishop emceeing the *Tonight Show*. Ben Owens, 67, retired florist, had his instrument with him, a flute-like assemblage of aluminum piping, a Clorox bottle cap and plaster of Paris. He played a tune for us. I offered him a dollar.

"No, no. I'm a celebrity," he protested and left.

Two summers ago at Charlotte Moorman's Ninth Annual Festival of the Avant-Garde on the Hudson River, Nam June Paik showed a sculpture called *TV Bed*. Six TV sets under a thick sheet of glass formed the mattress. Two sets functioned as the headboard. A video camera was positioned above the bed so as to show on all eight screens the face of anyone who lay on the bed.

TV Bed approaches the ultimate in the secondary reality as primary reality.

An orange really does taste like Anita Bryant singing a TV commercial.●

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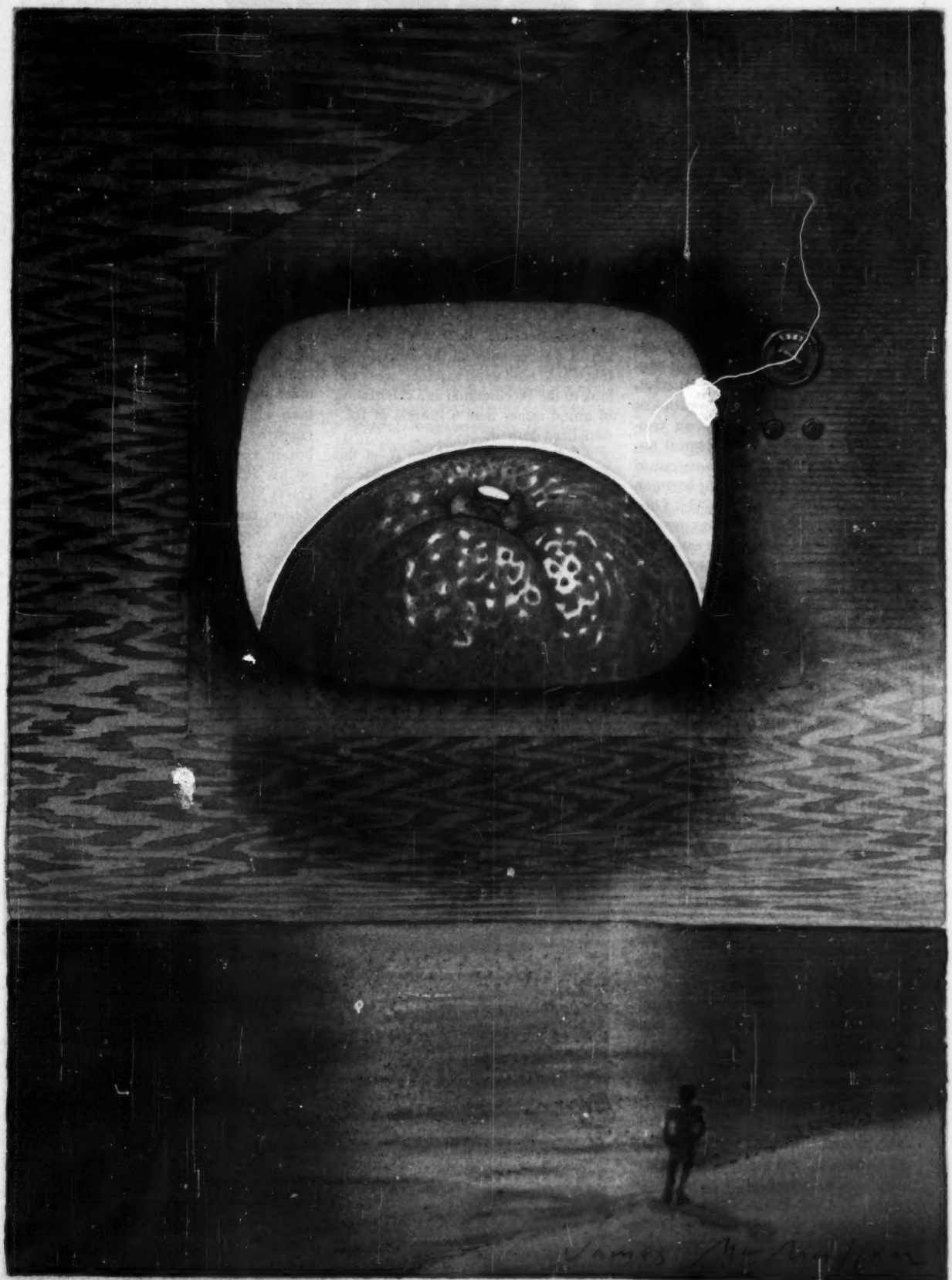


MOVIES

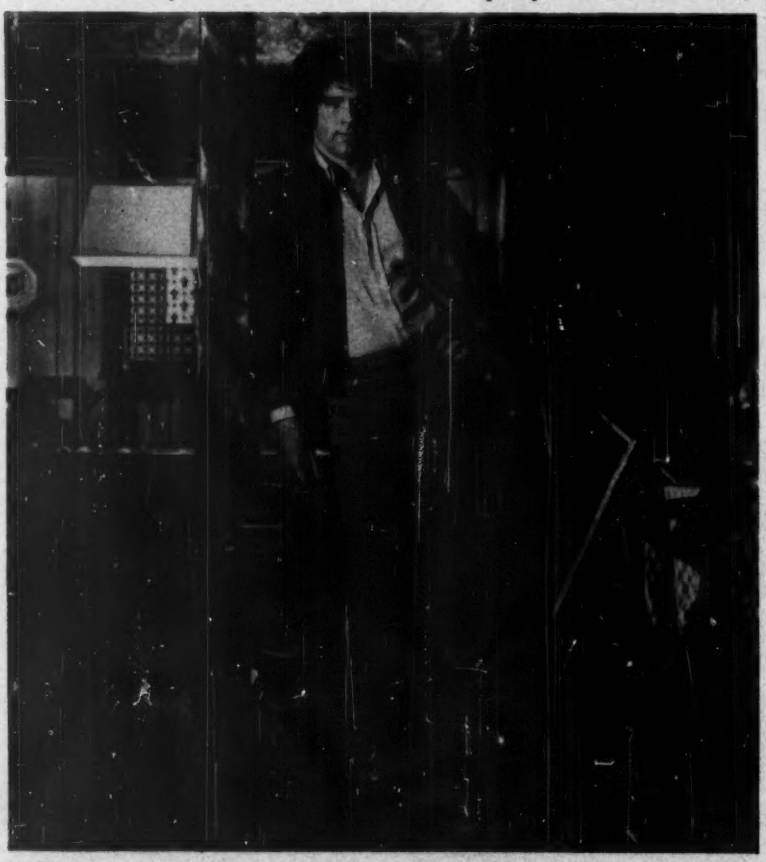
Murder is still the tie that binds

By Frank Rich

If it were not for a faith in conspiracies, real or imagined, I wonder if anything would hold these United States of America together. In a land where the daily motions of our lives defy any notion of rationality—whether we are buying inflationary meat in a supermarket, smoking "lemon menthol" cigarettes or watching *Hollywood Squares* on television—it becomes a psychological necessity that we try to make sense out of the big front-page events of our common experience. Given the stuff of which history has been made during the past 15 years—the Kennedy and King assassinations, the Vietnam war, the ascendancy of Richard Nixon—it becomes clear that only conspiracies can explain all the grotesqueries away. We erect and cling to vast, convoluted webs of villainy and deceit much the way the French once placed their hope in cathedrals.

Conspiracies are the opiate of the people, both on the left (whose grim analysis of the origins of Vietnam was validated by *The Pentagon Papers*) and on the right (which actually conspired to manufacture conspiracies, like the "Chicago 7," so that the public would be able to rationalize and punish antiwar demonstrators). But some conspiracies are better than others, with the best of all being those that involve murder, especially the murder of Americans of some celebrity. (If you haven't figured out why the Ellsberg foreign-policy revelations had such a short media shelf-life, it's because a plot to murder Asians thousands of miles away just doesn't have that "down home" appeal.) Let's face it, Watergate itself won't completely galvanize the proverbial Peorias of our society until that moment if and when the Nixon administration can be linked inextricably to some (literally) deadly crime of the century. Indeed, that's what the President's legal defense is all about: since James St. Clair has made it perfectly clear that neither obstruction of justice nor breaking and entering nor any other known executive malfeasance can qualify as the "high crimes and misdemeanors" the Constitution requires for an impeachment conviction, what high crime could possibly be left? Only murder. Even the White House realizes that killing—at least the killing of someone white who has had his or her name in the paper—is a crime to which the entire country can still relate. If Nixon were to reveal such a deed, he wouldn't have to drop another shoe. We'd have a conspiracy of a piece with all the others, a tie that would bind us all together; we could look to the Bicentennial as a celebration of union rather than a funeral of fractionalized despair.

Such a happy ending is, at this writing, elusive, and, in lieu of evidence that Nixon instructed Dita Beard to plant a bomb on Mrs. Howard Hunt's plane or once employed Donald DeFreeze as a valet, we must fall back on the two Kennedy assassinations for nourishment; they remain the most treasured set-pieces of our last collective folklore. Commissions may come and go talking of rash gunmen acting on their own, but we continue to turn the facts over in our minds, clinging to alternative explanations for the tragedies, looking for the conspiracies that can provide the logic we crave as a society. Not that any joker with a nefarious plot to peddle can automatically win his way into our hearts. Surely, for instance, no one has much use for Mark Lane anymore, that man who is blessed with the singular talent of making second-gun theories boring. Last fall a fictional movie based on his JFK-assassination theories, the David Miller-Dalton Trumbo *Executive Action,* put people asleep from coast to coast. (Similarly, a strident film documentary on Bobby's demise, *The Second Gun,* died quietly on the box-office vine.)



The always electric Warren Beatty as an investigative journalist in Pakula's *The Parallax View.*

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And yet if someone can come along and serve up the familiar elements of our ghoulish dreams with freshness and pizazz, in the form of either entertainment or journalism, it behooves us to line up at his door. That, I believe, will be the case with **The Parallax View,** a classy if not exactly brilliant slab of assassination suspense-drama that is director Alan Pakula's first thriller since *Klute.*

Working from a screenplay by David Giler and Lorenzo Semple Jr. (from a novel by Loren Singer), Pakula builds his movie on a premise so familiar we can taste it: a RFK-style senator is shot during a campaign appearance . . . a distinguished, grey-haired panel of heavies decrees the deed the work of a mad-dog assassin (a busboy) who was not a part of "any wider conspiracy" . . . three years later a hip investigative reporter (Warren Beatty), the kind who wears his chutzpah like a badge, realizes that a lot of witnesses have died under mysterious circumstances and sets out to crack the case. Although there's nothing new about this basic plan—which is smartly unloaded in the film's first five minutes—the story soon takes off in explosive directions; Pakula detonates a series of loud and colorful narrative firecrackers (involving everything from bomb scares to raging floods) that only someone as jaded as Gordon Liddy could fail to eat up.

At the glorious center of the conspiracy that Pakula gradually unfolds is a mysterious corporation (financed by ITT? the CIA? the USSR? the UN?—it doesn't make any difference) that performs a most distasteful service for its clients. It would be cruel of me to indicate here exactly what the business of that faceless organization is, but, suffice it to say, the nature of the evil involved accounts for much of *The Parallax View*'s appeal. So does Warren Beatty, a force to reckon with in his own right. While his performance in this picture is unlikely to dissipate the memory of his great contributions to Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde* or Robert Altman's *McCabe and Mrs. Miller,* the truth is that even under these relatively undemanding circumstances, which by and large require him to play himself, Beatty showers the screen with a magnetic vitality that cannot be matched by any other American movie actor. Pakula has also blessed him with the services of an entirely pleasing supporting cast, which includes Hume Cronyn as a cynical newspaper editor, Walter McGinn as a spooky functionary who likes to "earn the loyalty of antisocial people," and Paula Prentiss as a neurotic newswoman who at one point assures the hero that she "has never killed [herself] successfully."

My complaint about *The Parallax View,* and I do have a serious one, transcends matters that pertain to a few gnawing details that at times threaten to undermine the movie's overall credibility. I'm more concerned about the promise of the film's guiding metaphor, that of the title itself, which implies an approach to the material that Pakula doesn't always bring off. While the word "parallax" (a noun, not an adjective, by the way) aptly sums up the radical shift in perspective we get on the film's final scene through its smashingly ironic outcome, Pakula doesn't consistently reinforce his work's ambiguity (and thus its suspense) along the way. In *The Parallax View,* everybody is pretty much whom they appear to be, and the crucial question of the story boils down to who is going to do what to whom and do it first. What's missing is some equivalent to the tape recording of Coppola's *The Conversation* (still the best conspiratorial thriller, indeed the best thriller of any variety, so far this year) or to the characters played by Eva Marie Saint and Kim Novak in Hitchcock movies like *North by Northwest* and *Vertigo*—evidence or people or objects that we can view and review at constantly shifting angles throughout the film. Pakula's climax is a jolt, all right, but it snaps rather than resonates: it's an *ending* that wraps up and elucidates some of the movie's last-hour events, but it's not a window through which we might examine many of the characters and practically the entire drama in a wholly new and startling light. There were times when I felt the director might be heading along this higher path—particularly in the opening sequence, in which we see the assassination site, the Seattle Space Needle, as measured against both a totem pole and the squalor of the city's raunchy downtown; soon, though, he retreats to easier effects, such as documenting the steely corridors of sterile skyscrapers (also done by Coppola in *The Conversation*).

I'm also a little disappointed at Pakula's failure to restrain himself from using a political rally at a large convention hall for his closing scene. It's true that he gets some fresh mileage out of this oldie-but-goodie—there's a lovely aerial shot of a corpse-laden golf cart zigzagging among some red, white and blue banquet tables—but an invocation of *The Manchurian Candidate*'s classic climax, which by definition sets up the expectation of a sniping, does seem uninspired, no matter how much the two films' resolutions may differ. (Coincidentally, Richard Condon, from whose novel that earlier cold-war gem was adapted, has written a fabulous new thriller, *Winter Kills,* about a JFK-breed assassination after which some witnesses die, etc., etc. . . . Are we in the midst of a literary conspiracy here, too?)

In any case, I doubt that these criticisms will matter to most audiences who elect to see *The Parallax View.* Though it lacks the breadth of those great thrillers to which we can return again and again even after we know how the ending turns out, this drawback will only have a bearing on the movie's fortunes at that time when our nonfiction conspiracies outstrip it; when that happens, all but the best intrigue entertainments will be obsolete. Meanwhile, until the stain of blood spills over Watergate, or until we find a missing link that chains all our conspiracies together (I'm hoping that Richard Nixon and Jack Ruby were fraternity brothers at Whittier College myself), a movie like *The Parallax View* can go a long way toward keeping the home fires burning.

Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir, which was made for French television in 1969 when its creator was 75, is the purest distillation imaginable of a sensibility I have no hesitation about calling the greatest in the history of movies. Indeed the aesthetic air of this "little theater" is so rarefied that audiences unfamiliar with the rest of Renoir's career may find it a bit baffling. Like the late films of other masters of the medium— Hitchcock's *Topaz*, Chaplin's *A King in New York*, Ford's *Seven Women* or Hawks' *El Dorado* (to name a few of my favorites)—this one unfolds in serene and muted terms, visual signals that have become discrete with the passing of time. While one doesn't have to experience an entire *oeuvre* to appreciate an artist's final, most highly stylized achievement, such knowledge can enhance the pleasure—whether one is looking at the most abstract black-and-white geometry of a Mondrian canvas, reading a James novel like *The Golden Bowl* or watching a movie like *Le Petit Théâtre.*

This time around, Renoir graces the film with his own physical self—now a wizened shadow of the figure who filled the role of Octave in *The Rules of the Game* (1939). Introducing each of his three theater pieces (plus a song interlude by Jeanne Moreau that is, para-

doxically enough, at once satirical and wistful) with a few low-key remarks, he reminds us constantly of the creative force that stands behind the enterprise's magic as well as of that distance which separates the stage from the real world. Although there is a great deal to admire and enjoy in his first two films-within-the-film—a Hans Christian Andersen Christmas parable and an ersatz musical about a bourgeois housewife's love affair with an electric floor waxer (her put-upon husband pleads for "deliverance from all mechanical noises")—*Le Petit Théâtre* does reach an identifiable peak in the concluding episode.

"The King of Y vetot," as the third section is titled, takes place in France's resplendently sunlit south, the setting of both the director's own 1959 *Déjeunner sur L'Herbe* and his father Auguste's post-impressionist paintings. This landscape, where verdant trees seem to bristle eternally in playful breezes, proves ideal for this story of the victory of love over recklessness and convention: the organic poetry of nature wipes out whatever pettiness blights those mortals who venture within its domain. Among the many lovers who gambol giddily amidst the vibrant white light of this Midi, the one I most adore is Dominique Labourier as a young maid so busy dreaming of a future as a glamorous courtesan that she forgets little details of her work, like cooking the fish she serves for lunch. Her infectious, non-stop laughter cuts to the heart of Renoir's vision—a spirit that shapes every frame of *Le Petit Théâtre* so completely that one gets the sensation of being awash in the sublime currents of the filmmaker's soul.

Michael Cimino, who makes his directorial debut with an action movie called **Thunderbolt and Lightfoot**, has talent that cannot be denied, even though it's impossible to say on the basis of this effort just how deep his resources are or in what direction he intends to apply them. Maybe the key to Cimino's future is that he stop writing screenplays; his script for *Thunderbolt*, not to mention the one he did last year for a Ted Post-directed atrocity called *Magnum Force*, betrays an excessive and at times moronic temperament. That's why this new movie fails to satisfy at those levels most worth caring about: the caper-suspense plot is a hand-me-down; the central emotional relationship between an old con (Clint Eastwood) and a young one (Jeff Bridges) is spelled out in gooey heart-to-heart conversations; and the overriding message about the good old vanishing American landscape, besides being a cliche in the first place, is verbally made flesh in dialogue that might give even a *Reader's Digest* addict heartburn.

Having said all that, I will now actually go on to add that this picture has some refreshing and original touches, nearly all of which are to be found along the periphery of the project's main events. Cimino usually does have something to say or show about the often crabby, sometimes forlorn people who inhabit the small Idaho and Montana towns where the movie is set: an aging gas-pump attendant (Dub Taylor, natch) who shouts a crypto-populist spiel at his credit-card customers; a maniacal cracker whose souped-up car has a trunk full of live rabbits; a sullen Western Union office manager who spends his nights reading newspaper-encased girlie magazines in the fluorescent light of his storefront.

Antonelli and Momo in Samperi's *Malizia*: everybody ought to have a maid.

Eastwood and Bridges are amiable enough even though they must frequently speak lines so frought with metaphorical overtones that the words curdle in midair. George Kennedy also comes along as a bitter and irascible old gangster who, in one of the movie's more perversely appealing jokes, employs a familiar line of street-rhyme to tell a smart-alecky five-year-old boy to go do naughty with a certain variety of bird.

As Stephen Sondheim once wrote in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, "Everybody ought to have a maid." That's pretty much what Salvatore Samperi's slight but generally entertaining comedy, **Malizia** (Malice) is all about: a portly Sicilian widower (Turi Ferro) with three sons hires a voluptuous housekeeper who slowly but surely whips the family into a frenzy of leering sexual anticipation.

No one is more afflicted than the middle son, the dour 14-year-old Nino (Alessandro Momo), who engages servant Angela (Laura Antonelli) in a psycho-sexual tug of war over which he eventually loses control. The idea that an adolescent boy might lose his virginity with an older woman is a fantasy that has turned up recently in such widely different films as Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show*, Mulligan's *Summer of '42* and Malle's *Murmur of the Heart*; I don't know how common or valid this coital permutation is outside of these pictures and *Penthouse*'s letters column, but maybe the sheer eroticism of it all can be its own reward. To this end, *Malizia* features a strip scene that should be any male masturbator's delight and, in the person of Antonelli, Samperi has found a top-flight sexual presence who also happens to be a gifted comedienne.

Filmed on location in its actual setting, Uganda, and employing real-life people playing themselves, **Two Men of Karamoja** never fully involves the viewer in its tale of a grudging and intriguingly complex friendship between a white, African-born British game warden and the black native who, under a new order, will inherit his job. There are interesting moments here and there in this microcosmic portrait of colonialism's last, almost benign gasp, and one gets a taste of the poverty and warfare that disfigure a sad, young nation, but filmmakers Natalie and Eugene Jones dally too long over Disneyesque shots of wildlife and other scenic or cultural diversions; the movie's central story never broadens sufficiently beyond its prosaic basics. What's left is a worthy, sometimes stagy documentary that lacks about half the power of Indian director Satyajit Ray's treatment of similar themes in a fiction-based movie like *Days and Nights in the Forest*.

John G. Avildsen's **The Stoolie** is a manipulative and illogical slice of sentimental crap that features comic Jackie Mason in his "dramatic (sic) debut" as a lowlife loser, Marcia Jean Kurtz as the nice Jewish girl who sets him straight in Miami Beach and Dan Frazer as a cop who chases after them. Next to this thing, the director's two previous middle-class exploitation weepers, *Joe* and *Save the Tiger*, almost seem legit. (Almost, I should say, but not quite.)

BOOKS

Big enchiladas

By Geoffrey Wolff

All the President's Men *by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward.* Simon and Schuster (349 pp., $8.95).

"Good God!" said Howard Hunt, learning from Bob Woodward that his name and phone number were among the effects of two burglars braced in the Watergate.

"JEEEEEEEEESUS," said John Mitchell, learning from Carl Bernstein that he'd been fingered as Mister Big of the secret funds.

"We've never had a story like this. Just never," said Barry Sussman, District of Columbia editor of the Washington *Post*, before the story got one-third as good as it was going to get.

Breathes there man or woman who has not heard this legend sung? How Riverboat Carl parlayed his hunches into the undoing of the wicked? How Meticulous Bob, a year older at 29 than his comrade, hammered home the coffin nails, with the phantom Deep Throat's guidance? How these two, Luck & Pluck, conspired, with the Washington *Post's* prodding and governance, to make all inoperative Jeb Magruder's exasperated declaration, "It's none of your business," thereby turning over many mossy stones to reveal many damp slugs?

Around the newsroom at the *Post* they called them Woodstein. Not because the two are similar, but because the single compaction was handier to say than two names, and it was being uttered so often. Woodward would dog after the facts, browbeat Deep Throat into good citizenship, bang out the first fast drafts of their serial revelations. Bernstein would dream up theories of the crime, follow the dots into unlikely labyrinths, polish the final drafts. Each had his own sources, and they didn't mix or share them.

They cooked up a scheme for this book in October 1972. Back then they planned to include themselves out of their story and to use the book to inventory the speculations—what Ziggy the Inoperative calls "hearsay, innuendo and guilt by association"—that the *Post* wouldn't print. But soon enough it became clear that there was no speculation so farfetched that it couldn't be printed, because there was no offense so kinky that the Maximum Enchilada and his consigliores wouldn't commit it, and get caught committing it. So instead of becoming a horror yarn of possible crimes, *All the President's Men* became a champion account of the detection of crimes. It's told in a joint third person, just the right voice for such a document, modest, distanced enough from inevitably swelling self-regard, giving the illusion of one reporter telling the story of his friend, turn and turn about. Together they brought home quite a sweet deal for themselves: Robert Redford's due to play Woodward, Dustin Hoffman or Al Pacino to play Bernstein, the book was auctioned to a paperback house for a cool million, it's a full selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for July.

Meantime, the Washington *Post* won a Pulitzer Prize for its ruling hand in the proceedings, and for this ex-employee it couldn't have happened to a nicer enterprise. Journalists by their nature are appealing characters: skeptical, finely tuned to the mutability of persons and circumstances, partially schooled in a world of discrete matters, and indiscreet, affecting an iron-plate proof against any astonishment. In fact, the mark of this fine book, and its humanizing energy, is its repeated demonstration of the continuing capacity of these reporters and their editors to be stunned, grieved and outraged by what their President and his henchman did to their country.

Ben Bradlee, the paper's executive editor, is a man for whom the adjective *urbane* was bespoke. At once cultivated and vulgar, slick-looking and tough-looking, cunning and generous, he's not the man you'd pick to surprise. He knew, early in the game, that he and his editors and reporters were playing with the Nixon Family, that "this is the hardest hardball that's ever been played in this town." Yet he was stung and amazed by the acid dumped on his personality by our new Baby in Christ, Charles Colson. And when Bernstein and Woodward turned him out of bed in the dark of an early morning to warn

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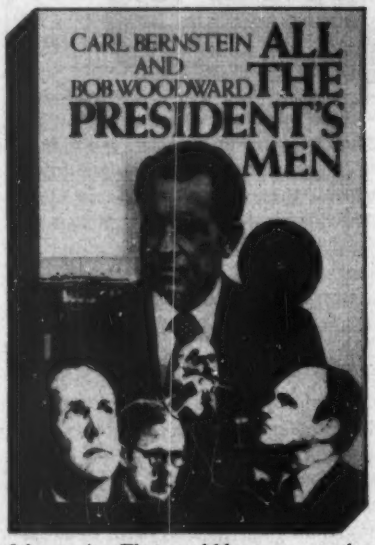
him of fresh crimes rising from the fens and bogs on Pennsylvania Avenue, "he said that the problem was no longer just journalistic. He mentioned something about the state and the future of the country."

The journalistic problems were problems enough, thank you. Colson promised to attack the *Post* from the protection of many salients. Its competitors would be spoon-fed news, and the *Post* would be starved. (Fair enough, if childish enough.) Challenges against the *Post's* ownership of two Florida television stations were filed with the Federal Communications Commission. The Prez, from the sanctity of the office he so reveres, pledged to "fix that sonofabitch" Edward Bennet Williams, the *Post's* lawyer. And John Mitchell, having finished crying the addition of vowels to his *JEEEEEEEEESUS*'s name, promised that "Katie Graham's gonna get her tit caught in a big fat wringer if that's published." Published it was.

And not the least extraordinary aspect of the Woodstein account is the miniscule part that the doubts and deliberations of Katherine Graham, owner of the *Post*, play in it. As Woodward and Bernstein winningly fess up, they made many blunders while they were on the story, some of them foolish, some unethical, some illegal. Twice they printed



false stories. They could have gone to the slam for interfering with grand jurors. They sometimes harassed witnesses (one promised to shoot Woodward if he showed up in California) and they were not exempt from following false trails.

Yet not till the game was half won, not till a couple of months before James McCord's letter to Sirica and Patrick Gray's testimony to the Senate in March utterly vindicated her newspaper, did Katherine Graham ask Woodward, in effect, "What have you boys been doing with my newspaper?" And even then the purpose of her conference, following a veiled warning from Henry Kissinger to lay off ("What's the matter, don't you think we're going to be reelected?"), was to prod her reporters to turn over more stones. Woodward told her that he and Bernstein weren't certain the whole miserable story would ever be aired.

"Never? Don't tell me never."

(Ah yes, by the way: my own vote in the Deep Throat Sweepstakes goes to Richard Moore, special counsel to the President, by reputation an honorable citizen of the Republic, a canny dissembler whose bogus Stengelese testimony buffaloed Sam Ervin's committee, a man in whom John Dean confided much, if not all, and like Deep Throat's chum Bob Woodward, a Yale Man. Will it play?)

MUSIC

Cocker: Is this a comeback?

By Janet Maslin

Nobody really knows why Joe Cocker's latest live comeback appearance worked out the way it did, but in the days following the debacle there were a few attempted explanations. "He's a full-grown boy," said one angry source connected with Cocker, "and the fault lies with him, not with A & M or anybody else." "When you get right down to it, it wasn't tragic or fatal—just a case of public drunkenness, albeit under the worst possible circumstances," mollified another. "He's crazy," said a third Cocker associate, very quietly. "But you can't say I said so."

At the start of his career, Joe Cocker had been working as a gas fitter in Sheffield, England; two years ago he returned there, a prematurely exhausted rock star gone home to his parents while he recuperated from occupational wear and tear. In the interim, he had developed the reputation of an eccentric, a junkie, an alcoholic, perhaps all three. But the press had invariably depicted him as an innocent, a bewildered goose caught up in the entrepreneurs' fierce scramble for his golden eggs. In any case, he was universally acknowledged to be unpredictable, so it must have come as a nice surprise to A & M last July or so when he announced his willingness to start work on a new album. By May he had completed more than two records' worth of material—convenient, in case another disappearing act was in the cards—with the first album scheduled for release in mid-June. Production had been handled by Jim Price, a seasoned pro whose credits include playing trumpet with Joe's Mad Dogs and Englishmen and on the last Rolling Stones tour. However Joe may have really felt about the idea, his associates all recall his ostensible willingness to help promote the new material by doing one very special live show.

And Joe isn't one to start small; his last live tour, in 1972, began with a make-it-or-break-it date at Madison Square Garden. He made it, even though the personnel in question were wildly, disastrously unprepared for such a nerve-wracking engagement. This time Joe decided to go for broke at the Roxy, in front of an L.A. invitations-only crowd that included all manner of celebrities, powers and tastemakers (Bill Graham, David and Cher, Diana Ross, Al Kooper, even Lesley Gore). There was a certain amount of suspense, among people who knew Joe, as to whether or not he'd go through with it. But right up until the day of the show, the prospects looked relatively rosy.

There was a rehearsal at six, and it went well. Then the band went next door to the Rainbow, where they spent the next four hours watching Joe consume a record-breaking quantity of Courvoisier. Nobody tried to stop him, probably because it wouldn't have made any difference.

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You must state your age.

Joe lurched onto the stage only a few minutes late, his voice slurred and his eyes unusually wild. For the first few numbers the band was able to cover for him, with four loud backup singers to help fill in the unexpected gaps in his vocals. He wore rumpled, ill-fitting jeans and a white T-shaped undershirt, clutching a bottle of Heineken's to his beer-stained bosom. As he sang, he would slap at imaginary mosquitos behind his head, with the other arm extended frantically in front of him. "Some people think it's just a bit too much," Joe once remarked about his celebrated catalog of odd gestures. "Like when I was on Ed Sullivan they surrounded me with thousands of dancers to keep me hidden. But, you know, it's not contrived. Why would anyone want to contrive a stage routine that turns so many people off?"

Joe seemed very drunk, if you didn't look closely. But no amount of drinking could have produced a condition like this—the man's anguish was overpowering, both horrible and transfixing to watch, and it soon took ghastly precedence over whatever musical highlights there were supposed to have been on the agenda. The audience applause, at the end of the early numbers (soon enough it would give way to a loud nervous rumble, which would persist even during the songs), made him clap his hands over his ears and wince. Sometimes he would hunker down into a fetal ball, and only Jim Price's back-patting and whispered coaxing could get him back on his feet. Joe mumbled a sentence or two during the set, but soon Price was doing all the interpreting. At one point, after a heated-looking exchange between the two of them, Price turned apologetically to the crowd and explained, "He wants to know if there's anyone out there he knows." There must have been, but nobody said so.

While Joe stared out into the crowd with an expression that mostly said "Huh?", Price's mood was changing noticeably. He had been a calm maestro, even an effervescent one, for a while. But by the time Joe stopped in mid-song to idly unzip his pants and tuck his shirt in, seemingly quite unaware that anyone else might be in the room, Price was getting agitated. When he led the band into two numbers featuring backup singer Clydie King so that Joe could take a break backstage, Joe just curled up in front of a speaker, right in the spotlight, and glared stubbornly up at Clydie as she sang. Finally, when Joe cut off the band's intro to "With a Little Help from My Friends," one of the only old hits of the evening, with a peremptory gesture, Price had had enough. He stalked offstage, but even that wasn't the end of it—with the band gone, the lights turned down, and what remained of the audience filing uncomfortably away, Joe lingered on. He sat alone beneath the microphone, hands around his knees, rocking gently to and fro. His stare was less nightmarish now; with the show behind him, he seemed to have finally achieved a certain mad serenity.

A few days later, when Jim Price had gone back to work on the album, he was able to give a fairly genial account of what had come over Joe: "He really, really wanted to do it right, but it was just too much for him. He's just not very well, really unpredictable. He makes his decisions and sometimes they're real selfish—he just decides not to give anybody what they want from him. But of course he wanted to do it; he was just afraid."

An earlier Joe Cocker onstage.

In any case, Joe Cocker came out of this fiasco astonishingly well, because he didn't have that much to lose. It may damage his reputation as a live performer, but he doesn't do that much live work anyway; besides, his unreliability has become part of the mystique. But the histrionics are irrelevant, because the voice is what counts, and Joe Cocker's voice is the kind he can't lose. Even as it grows coarser, as it has on the new album, the rough edges can work to his advantage when he wants them to. *If* he wants them to—because if Joe's lost anything on his new recorded material, it isn't so much ability as interest. He has always played a relatively passive role in the making of his records, so the characteristic Joe Cocker arranging style—tight rhythms, prominent piano or horns, raucous backing vocals—exists almost independent of him. It sounds ready-made, as though Joe were just singing along with it, and only singing above it when the inspiration strikes. Though the inspiration does strike on some of the new material—which will include, over the course of the two albums, songs by Jimmy Webb, Randy Newman, Price, Cocker, Daniel Moore, Jackson Browne—there are also moments when he seems to be coasting, as dazed in the studio as he was onstage. It sounds a little incomplete at times, and that may be disappointing. But for anyone who still holds that agonized Phantom of the Roxy fresh in the memory, it's hard to expect him to give over any more of himself to his music than he already has. And even harder to imagine what might be left of him if he did.

Joe was expected on the A & M lot later that same week, as evidenced by the quantities of Coors in various corporate refrigerators. ("They like him to drink beer," remarked one employee. Why? "Well, he's gonna drink somethin', see. . . .") And he did show up, looking cheerful and quite unperturbed. The photos of the Roxy show had arrived that same afternoon, a little fuzzy but clear enough to convey what Joe's condition had been onstage. A & M's decision not to release those photos, according to a company source, had nothing to do with their content but rather their poor quality—the first time in memory that studio photographers had failed to come up with anything acceptable in a night's shooting.

Since Joe was around and in good spirits, there was some chance I might have gotten him on the phone that afternoon and found out about his recollections of the show. Jim Price asked me why I hadn't, and I told him it didn't seem right for me to be prying any further into someone else's pain. Jim Price just laughed at that.

"Oh, no," he said, "you just don't understand. It's not a sore subject. He's probably forgotten all about it."

37 THINGS YOU MAY WANT TO BUY, SELL OR BARTER IN NEW TIMES NEW NATIONWIDE CLASSIFIED AD SECTION

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2. Sell fresh Florida oranges to a couple in Shaker Heights, Ohio.
3. Get a job as a creative thinker in Fresno, California—no experience necessary.
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24. Learn how to make gasoline out of trash from an inventor in Montclair, N.J.
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33. Sell your 1967 Iso Grifo to a racing car nut in Pocatello.
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Class of '74: The raw energy of the '60s remains, but the ideals are gone

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Tony Schwartz

When I look back on this year, my last one as a University of Michigan undergraduate, I feel unsettled. The era of mass protest is over, but contrary to reports—and a fleeting spring streaking phenomenon notwithstanding—apathy and lightheartedness have not set in. Our feelings are both more complicated and more ominous than mere insouciance. Grim practicality has run roughshod over the ideals we once professed to believe in so strongly. The remaining political energy has been dissipated between a hodgepodge of sects and causes, each one with its own answers, few of them relating to one another.

Much has been written about the death of the student movement on campus. What has usually been ignored is that there was an inevitability about it—an inevitability born out of disappointment and disillusionment to be sure, but also out of the sense that rest and reflection were needed, and that perhaps, forces regrouped, there would soon be a resurgence. A year passed, however, and then two, and by fall it was clear that the hope was ill-founded; that where changes were occurring, they were usually for the worse. At first it was simply the lack of an Issue. But then bleak ecological warnings were followed by the energy crisis and both cast a pall over our futures, made even thinking about them unpleasant. The revelations of corruption and deception in the highest quarters deepened our cynicism. We lost our naivete, but rather than becoming apathetic, we have grown harder, more bitter and generally less trustful, even of one another. Often the only choice now seems to be to disbelieve, to expect evasion and deceit.

And so a vacuum has been created. The raw energy from the protest days endures, but the belief that it can be effectively put to use is lost. Now most of us have turned instead to grades and future worries. Without models or larger ideals, we have begun looking inward for direction. It is an empty celebration of self-centeredness.

The anxiety about finding a job predominates. A once radical friend who floated between interests (and causes) for three years now fears her well-intentioned explorations may have made her an unemployable dilettante. She is considering business school, and is by no means the only unlikely candidate. Students are talking business school because law school is so competitive and because money is once again a big priority. But mostly because they want a skill, any marketable skill.

And as I think over the last year, I realize that I, too, have given up nearly everything but the practical. I take only courses with a direct bearing on my career. Three years ago I sat around with friends in the dorm and argued—often naively but always passionately—about politics. Now, I watch Watergate on TV and gossip speculatively about Patricia Hearst with my roommates. It all seems distant. One friend recently beat out 14 competitors for a marketing job in New York City. Her first assignment is to mount a publicity campaign in this country for the South African government. I was stunned. "Listen," she told me, "desperate as I was for a job, I'd have been willing to market Nixon."

There are more politically enlightened students than my friend, of course, but often they are isolated from one another, working in tiny groups. And the jagged edge of hostility which has been created by their divisions is affecting us all. Rather than ignoring or putting aside our differences, as we once did in the service of larger causes like the War, we now parade them defiantly. Labels matter. Blacks here still interact rarely with whites. In the women's movement, gay feminists often won't work with straight feminists. There was once an easy camaraderie that came merely from being young and in college together. Now, afraid of being chauvinist or racist, we have lost our sense of humor and we relax only with our closest friends.

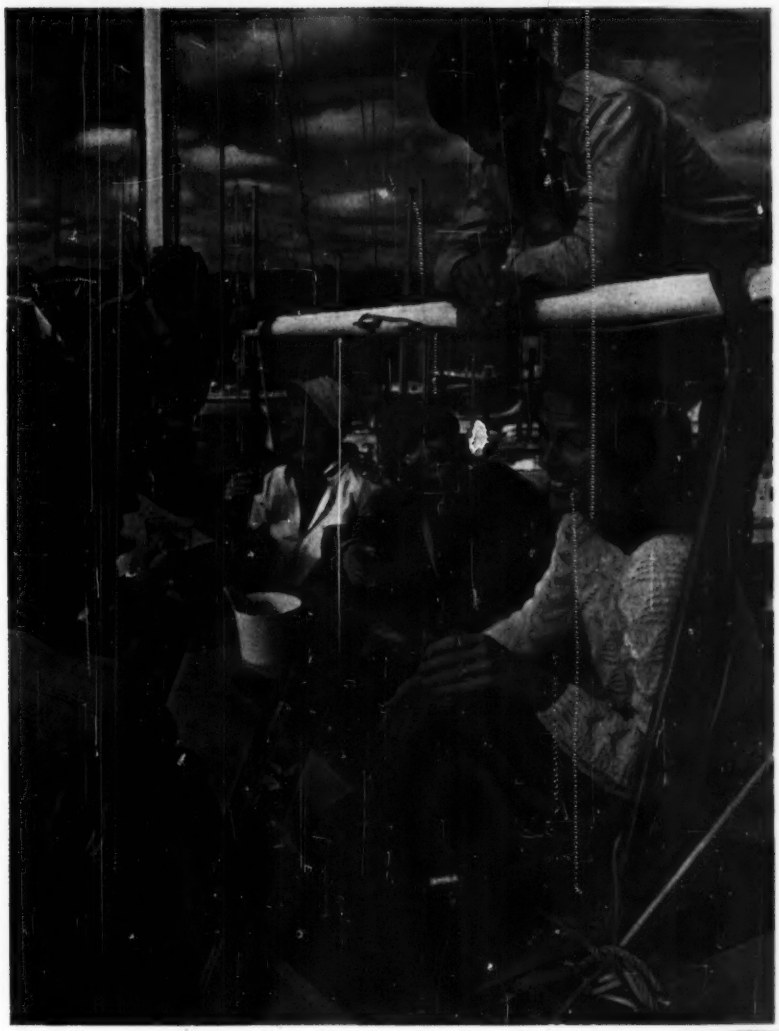
I am a few credits from graduation and, in one sense, very lucky. I chose journalism early on, and I am now in a position to get a job. Still, I worry, for I see myself living from one story to the next, in much the same exaggerated way many of us once lived from one to the next demonstration. Everyone told me college was where you avoided limiting yourself, but I've done exactly that. And now I'm beginning to wonder how much I've missed and whether I'll have regrets.

If I were asked, I'd tell someone starting college that the best route—the one most of my class didn't take—is to experience and not to limit; to search for answers, but not to let them become so rigid that they act to alienate and distance. But I'm not often asked, and I can understand why, for I'm as skeptical of advice as the next person.

So instead, I hold out for the hope that those who are just starting college will find a better balance between career ambitions and political ideals than most of my class has. The pendulum, for us, seems to have swung from one extreme to the other. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY NORMAN

America's whiskey and how to enjoy it.



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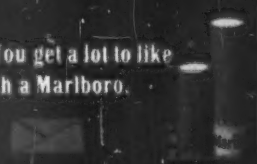

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